



No. 113

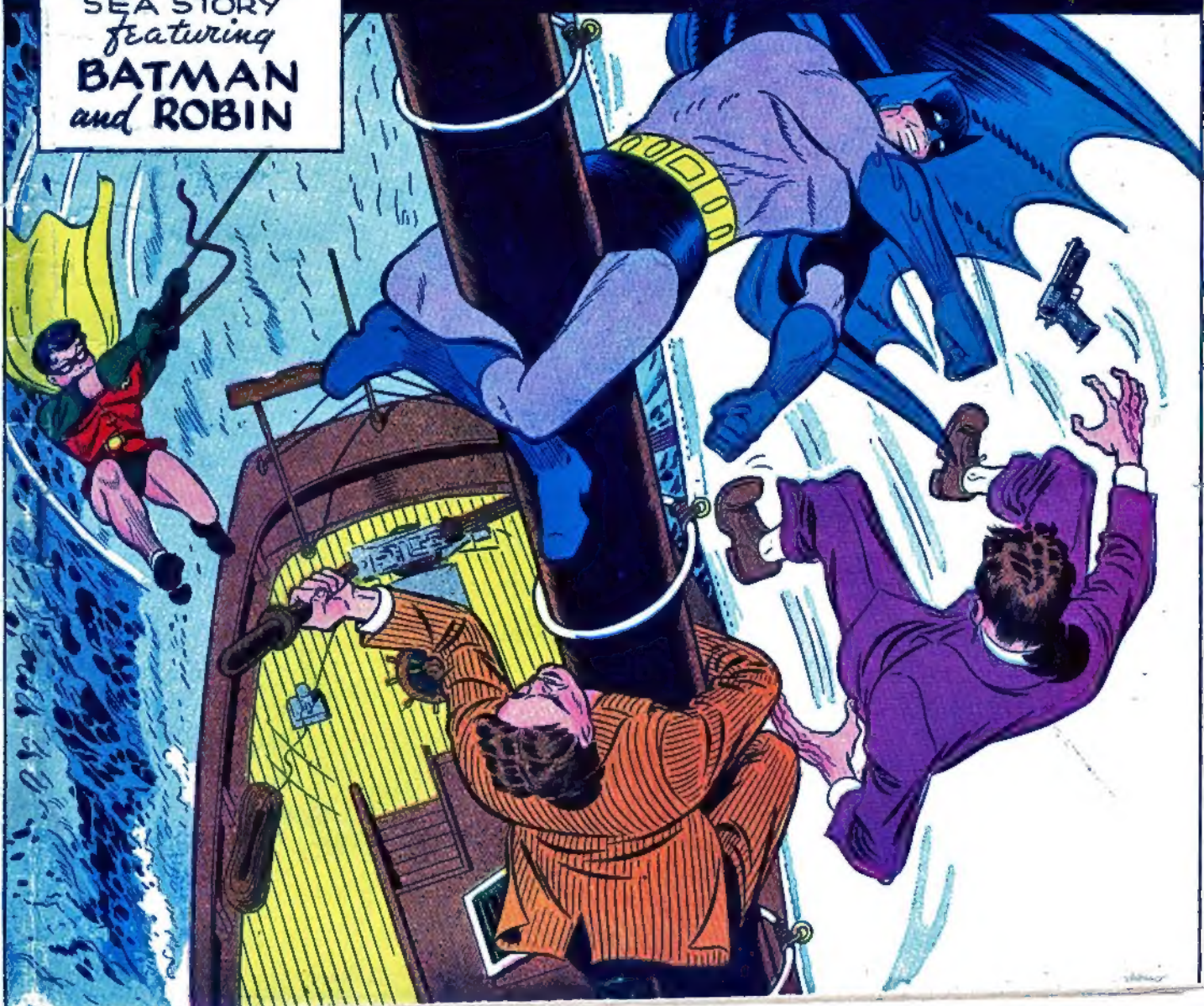
JULY... TEN CENTS



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A NICE KIND OF GOAT.  
THE BOOKS WITH  
THIS SYMBOL  
ARE SURE OF HIS VOTE!



- ON THE COVER OF  
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COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN **ANY** COMIC  
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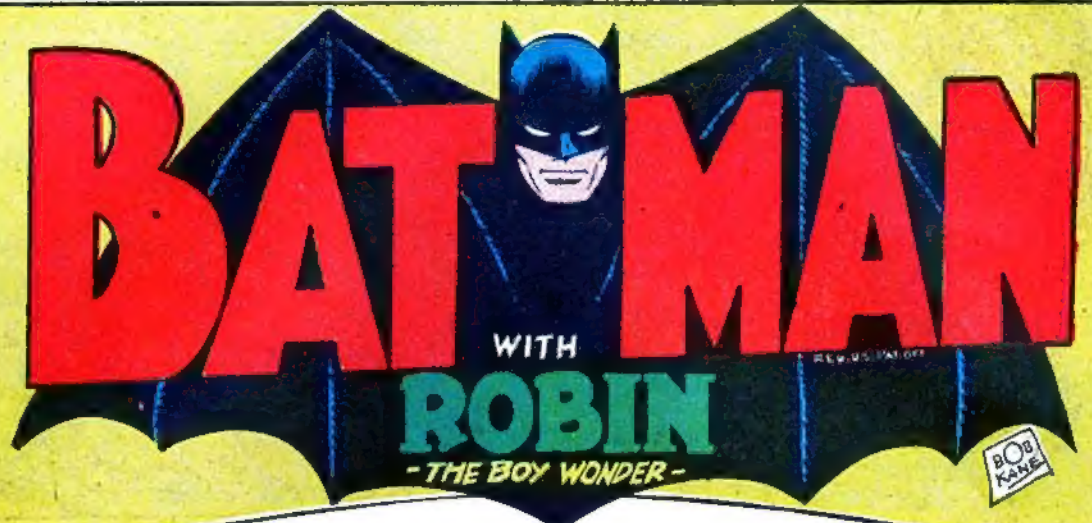
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# BAT MAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB  
KANE

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT IN THESE DAYS OF DRAB MECHANICAL EFFICIENCY, THE UNROMANTIC OYSTER IS ONE OF THE LAST STRONGHOLDS OF BOLD, EXCITING ADVENTURE? YOU DON'T? WELL, TO ALL SKEPTICS WE EXTEND AN INVITATION TO BOARD OUR TWO-MASTED SCHOONER AND SET SAIL FOR A PORT OF PERIL, WHERE **BATMAN AND ROBIN** MEET HIGH ADVENTURE AND WIN A ROARING BATTLE WITH POACHING PIRATES WHO TRY...

**"CRIME ON THE HALF-SHELL!"**







CAP'N JIBBS RUNS AN OYSTER DREDGE AS HIS FATHER DID BEFORE HIM. HE EXPECTED HIS SON AND HEIR TO DO THE SAME...

I'LL CALL MY SON JOE? JOE JIBBS? AYE, AN' WHEN I'VE UNREELED M' LIFELINE, CAP'N JOE JIBBS WILL TAKE COMMAND!



BUT FATE FOILS CAP'N JIBBS...

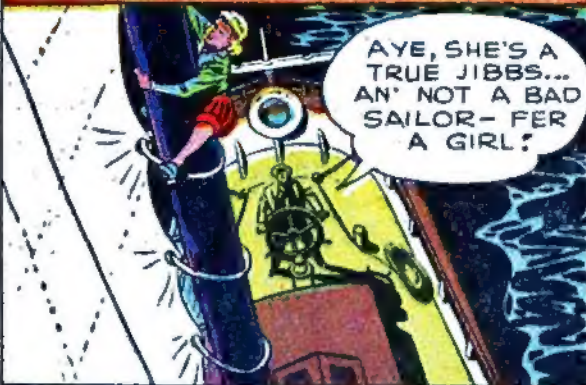
CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'RE THE FATHER OF A BABY GIRL!

A... A GIRL!



SO JOE BECOMES JOSEPHINE? BUT CAP'N JIBBS IS A HARD LOSER... HE CALLS HER JO! AND AFTER MRS. JIBBS DIES, IT IS JUST POPS AND JO...

AYE, SHE'S A TRUE JIBBS... AN' NOT A BAD SAILOR— FER A GIRL!



JO GROWS UP, FINISHES SCHOOL... AND THEN ONE DAY TRAGEDY STRIKES!

POPS! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE WIND BLEW THE MAST OVER! IT STRUCK HIS HEAD!

JO! I CAN'T SEE! I'M BLIND!



AND CAP'N JIBBS WOULD NEVER SEE AGAIN...

I'M SORRY, BUT... WELL... YOUR DREDGING DAYS ARE OVER!

SO I'M BEACHED! IF I ONLY HAD A SON TO TAKE OVER...

DON'T WORRY, POPS. WHEN THE OYSTER SEASON BEGINS THERE'LL BE A JIBBS ON DECK!



IN TIME JO BEGINS HER NEW CAREER!

YOU'RE A GIRL! YE CAN'T DO A MAN'S JOB! AND THERE'S TALK OF OYSTER PIRATES THIS YEAR...

POPS, DON'T ARGUE! STUDY YOUR BRAILLE BOOK... I'M GOING TO PROVE I CAN DO A MAN'S JOB—EVEN IF I AM A GIRL!





AT THE MOMENT WHEN JO TAKES OVER AS SKIPPER OF CAP'N JIBBS' DREDGER, SINISTER THINGS ARE HAPPENING ON GOTHAM CITY'S WATERFRONT! AND BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE IN ON IT!



BLIMEY! WHAT'S THAT-!

HELP! MIKE? GANG-!

YOUR PLAN'S BOOMERANGED, BATMAN! INSTEAD OF YOU NABBIN' ME, I'LL KIDNAP YOU!

GET ABOARD! WE'RE SHOVING OFF—FAST!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS, BLACKHAND?

BECAUSE I'M TOUGH! SEE THIS HAND? I WAS HAND-CUFFED TO A DETECTIVE. I SHOVED BOTH OUR HANDS INTO A FIRE! THE COPPER FAINTED AND I GOT THE CUFF KEY!

YOU RUINED MY SMUGGLIN' RING, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO SPOIL THE OYSTER RACKET FOR ME, BATMAN!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T SEE ME TRYING FOR THAT OYSTER SHELL!

KEEP CLOSE TO SHORE. AND HEAD FOR THE OYSTER BOATS!

OKAY, BOSS!

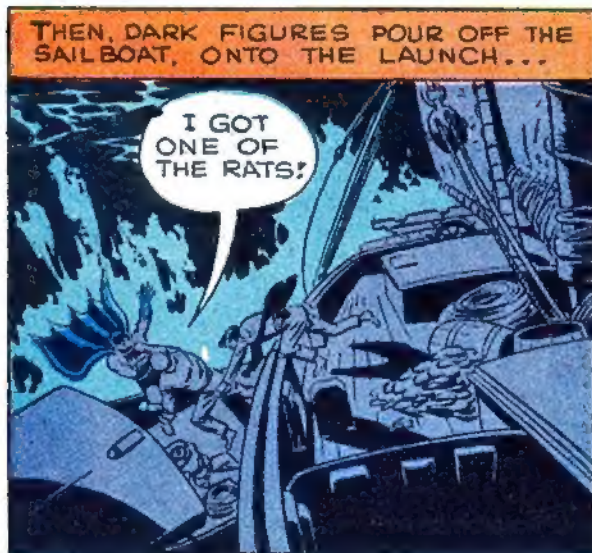
NOW, IF I CAN CATCH THAT SHELL...

BATMAN'S NIMBLE FINGERS DO CATCH THE SHELL! AND WITH ITS SHARP EDGE...

... AND I'LL GET A NICE WAD OF RANSOM MONEY FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!

DON'T COUNT YOUR RANSOM MONEY BEFORE YOU COLLECT IT, BLACKHAND!







IN THE CONFUSION, BLACKHAND AND HIS THUGS SWIM ASHORE—AND ESCAPE!

THE BLASTED PIRATES GOT AWAY!

PIRATES? YOU MEAN—OYSTER PIRATES?

YES! THEY HI-JACK OUR OYSTER CATCHES!



SO, THAT'S BLACKHAND'S NEW RACKET!

IT'S UNLAWFUL FOR DREDGERS TO USE MOTORS! THE PIRATES USE MOTOR BOATS, AND OUT-RUN US WHEN THEY SNATCH OUR OYSTERS! OH! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM—TO SHOW POPS!

WHO IS "POPS"—AND WHO ARE YOU?



SO, JO TELLS BATMAN HER STORY...

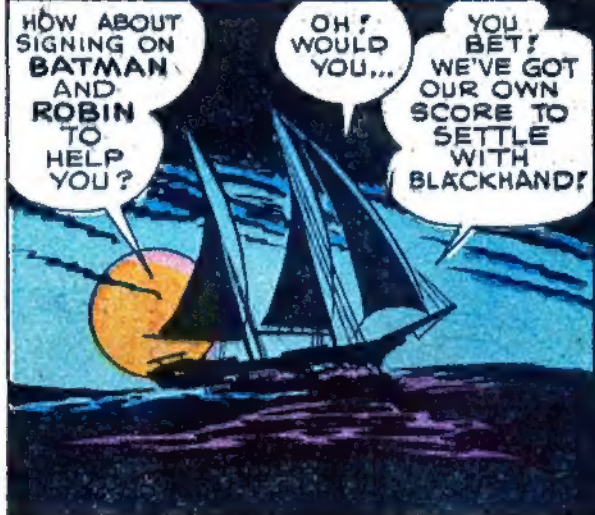
...AND IF I COULD CATCH THOSE PIRATES, POPS WOULD BE CONVINCED I CAN DO A MAN'S JOB!



HOW ABOUT SIGNING ON BATMAN AND ROBIN TO HELP YOU?

OH! WOULD YOU...

YOU BET! WE'VE GOT OUR OWN SCORE TO SETTLE WITH BLACKHAND!



MEANWHILE... BLACKHAND CONTACTS AN OLD ASSOCIATE...

WELL, BLUNT, OLD PAL, I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS SO MUCH MOOLA IN THE OYSTER BUSINESS!

HI, BLACKHAND! YEP, OYSTERS FETCH FANCY PRICES THESE DAYS! WANT TO JOIN US?



SURE, BLUNT, OLD PAL! I'LL TAKE YOUR JOB!





MORNING—AND CAP'N JIBBS' SCHOONER SLIDES THROUGH RESTLESS WATERS...

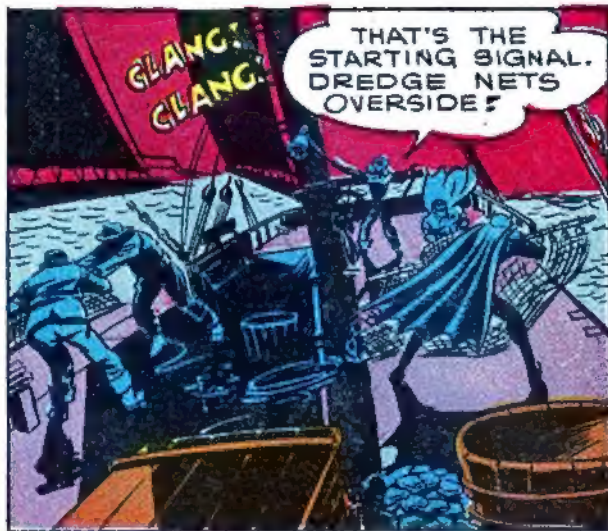
AT LEAST I CAN TEACH YOU SOMETHING ABOUT BOATS! OURS IS A **BUGEYE**. THAT ONE—MASTER THERE IS A **SKIPJACK**.

THANKS, SKIPPER! SHALL WE BEGIN DREDGING?



GLANG!  
GLANG!

THAT'S THE STARTING SIGNAL. DREDGE NETS OVERSIDE!

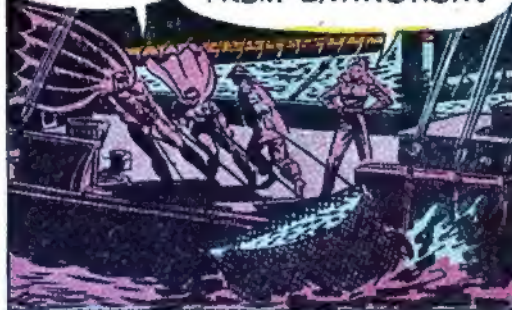


THE **BUGEYE** STRAINS AGAINST THE PULL OF LOADED NETS AS DREDGES SCRAPE THE BAY BOTTOM, RAKING IN OCEAN TREASURE!



COULDN'T YOU GET MORE OYSTERS IF YOU USED MOTORS INSTEAD OF SAILS?

THAT'S WHY MOTORS ARE FORBIDDEN! THE BAY COULD BE SCRAPED CLEAN IN A SEASON! CONSERVATION IS NECESSARY TO SAVE THE OYSTER FROM EXTINCTION!



SUNSET—AND THE FIRST DAY'S DREDGING ENDS...

SUNSET! NO MORE DREDGING TODAY!

OOH, MY BACK!



THEN, OUT OF THE DUSK APPEARS A LAUNCH, AND A CRY ONCE HEARD IN BUCCANEERING-DAYS OF OLD...

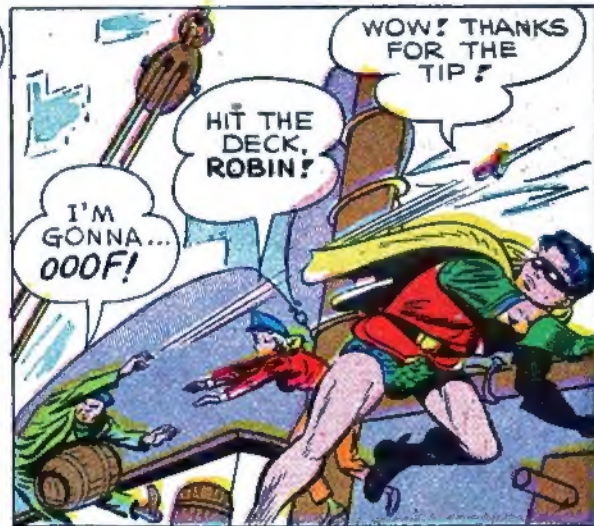
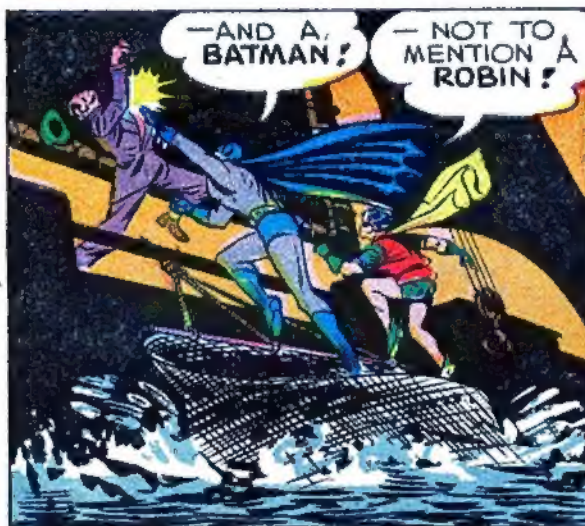
PIRATES!

AHOY! DROP ANCHOR! WE'RE COMIN' ABOARD!

OVER THE SIDE. ROBIN! WE'LL GET THEM WHEN THEY'RE OFF GUARD!









THEN, THE BOAT SWINGS INTO A JIBING MANEUVER—AND THE MAINSAIL'S HEAVY BOOM WHIPS TOWARD BATMAN!

BATMAN AND BLACKHAND CLASH HERE

WIND SWINGS SAILS TO OTHER SIDE, WHIPPING BOOM VIOLENTLY ACROSS DECK

JIB

MAINSAIL

BOOM

BOAT SAILS ACROSS WIND



MIKE, WE'LL TAKE THE SLOOP AN' THE OYSTERS ... AN' THE DAME!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN TO DROWN!

YEAH, WE ARE! AND AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! HAW!

I'M COMING, BATMAN!

SO THE BOATS SPRING AWAY, LEAVING IN THEIR WAKE BATMAN AND ROBIN...

GOLLY, BATMAN'S GROGGY! HE'LL DRAG ME DOWN UNLESS I...

SORRY, BATMAN!



LUCKILY, DREDGES STAY NEAR SHORE, WHERE OYSTER BEDS ARE LOCATED, SO ROBIN HASN'T FAR TO SWIM...

I... (PUFF)... COULDN'T HAVE LASTED (PUFF) ANOTHER TEN YARDS... (PUFF)

LATER, BATMAN PERFORMS AN UNPLEASANT DUTY...

THE PIRATES TOOK JO, SIR. BUT WE'LL FIND HER, DON'T WORRY!

IT'S MY FAULT! ME WITH MY CRAZY TALK ABOUT A SON!

MEANWHILE... IN BLACKHAND'S HIDEOUT...

I WON'T WRITE A RANSOM NOTE TILL I EAT! I'M HUNGRY!

WHAT WOMAN AIN'T? I'LL GIVE YA SOME OYSTERS! DAMES! BAH!

AS BLACKHAND GOES FOR OYSTERS, JO SEIZES HER BLOUSE PIN, AND...

THEY'RE NOT FISHERMEN SO THEY WON'T KNOW IT'S NOT A RAW PEARL!

AND AS SHE EATS THE OYSTERS BLACKHAND BROUGHT, JO SLIPS THE PEARL INTO HER MOUTH. THEN...

OW! I ALMOST BROKE A TOOTH... OH!

IT'S A POIL!

AN' LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT!

WHILE MIKE AND BLACKHAND EXAMINE THE PEARL, JO, USING THE PIN POINT, PUNCTURES HOLES IN THE RANSOM NOTE PAPER...

DELIVER THE RANSOM NOTE, THEN TAKE THE PEARL TO THE BUYING EXCHANGE AND SELL IT. AN' BRING ME A RECEIPT!

BOSS, YOU ACT LIKE YOU DON'T TRUST ME!



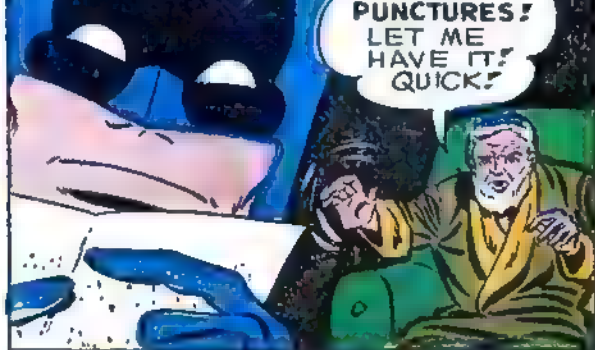
LATER... JO'S RANSOM NOTE IS DELIVERED TO HER FATHER...

A KID JUST BROUGHT THIS! SAID A MAN GAVE HIM A QUARTER TO DELIVER IT!

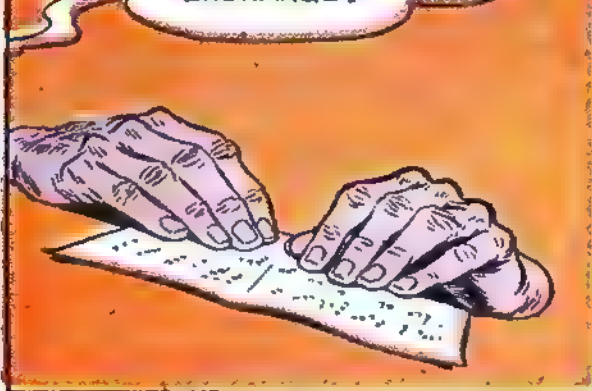


HMM! THEY WANT \$5,000 RANSOM MONEY! ODD... THIS PAPER IS FULL OF PUNCTURES!

PUNCTURES! LET ME HAVE IT! QUICK!



IT'S BRAILLE! JOE SENT A MESSAGE IN BRAILLE! IT SAYS, "TRAIL MAN BRINGING PEARL TO BUYER'S EXCHANGE!"

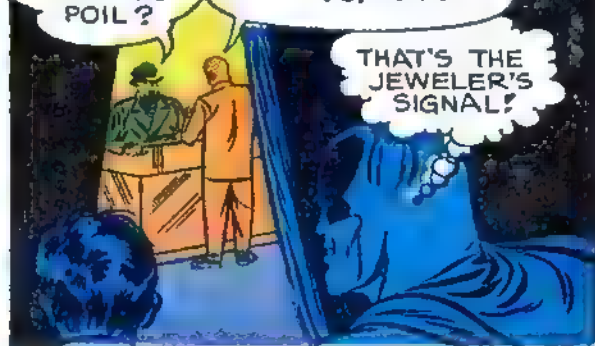


A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT THE BUYER'S EXCHANGE...

HOW MUCH WILL YA GIVE ME FOR THIS POIL?

WHY... UH... IT'S A VERY FINE SPECIMEN! I'LL PAY \$5,000!

THAT'S THE JEWELER'S SIGNAL!



LATER...

HERE IT IS! FIVE GRAND!

NOT BAD DOUGH FOR ONE LITTLE PEARL!

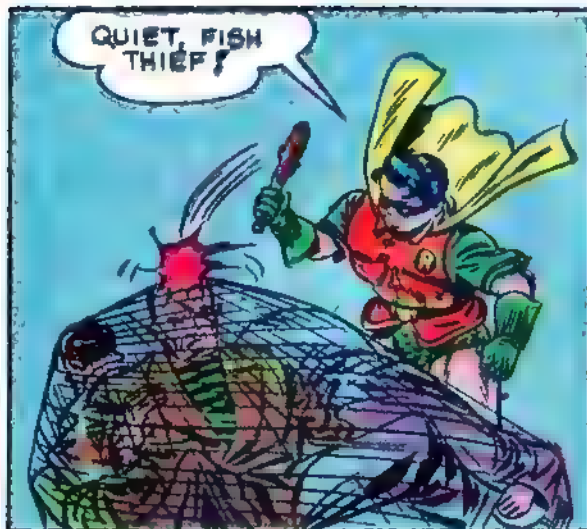


WELL, BLACKHAND, CAUGHT REDHANDED!

BATMAN!



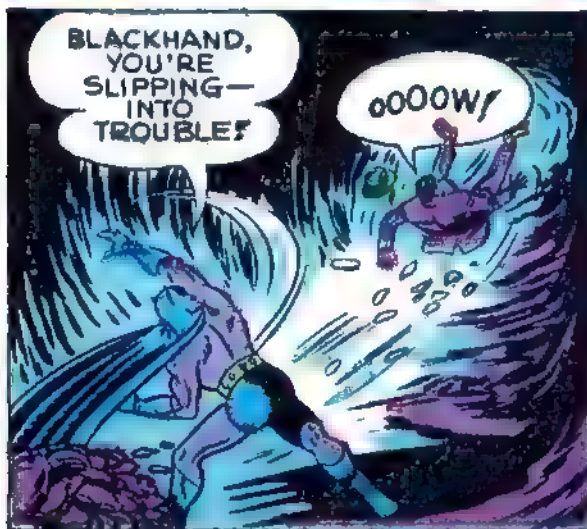




QUIET, FISH THIEF!



THE BACK ENTRANCE! I CAN ESCAPE THAT WAY!

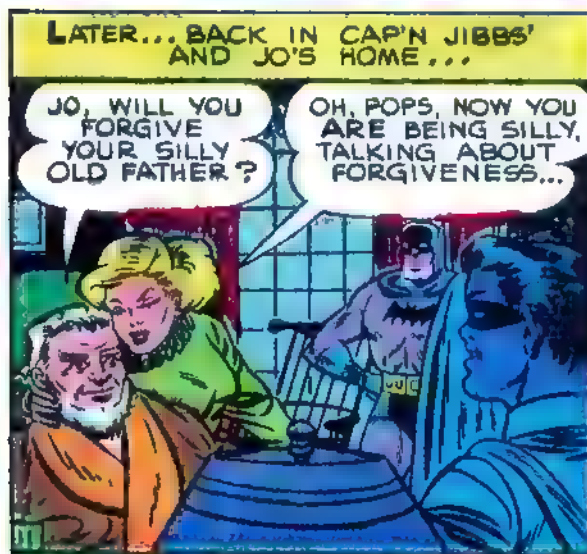


BLACKHAND, YOU'RE SLIPPING— INTO TROUBLE!

OOOOW!



PULL IN YOUR RIGGING, BLACKHAND...YOU'VE STRUCK A REEF!



LATER... BACK IN CAP'N JIBBS' AND JO'S HOME...

JO, WILL YOU FORGIVE YOUR SILLY OLD FATHER?

OH, POPS, NOW YOU ARE BEING SILLY, TALKING ABOUT FORGIVENESS...

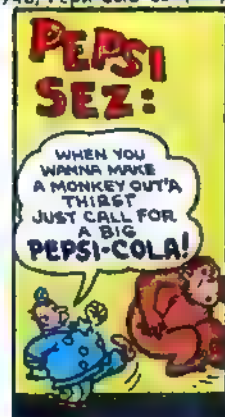
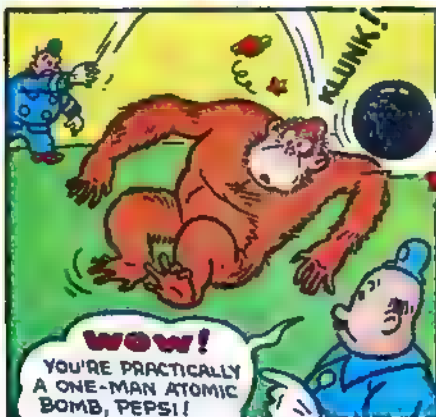
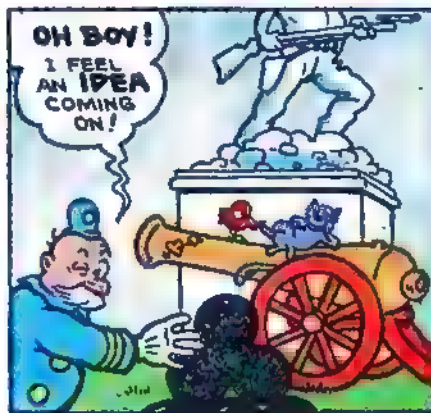
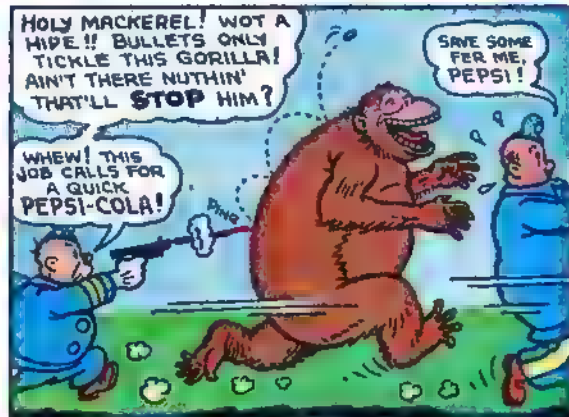
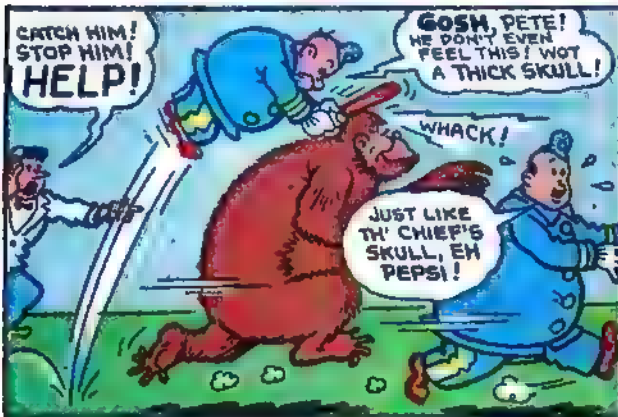
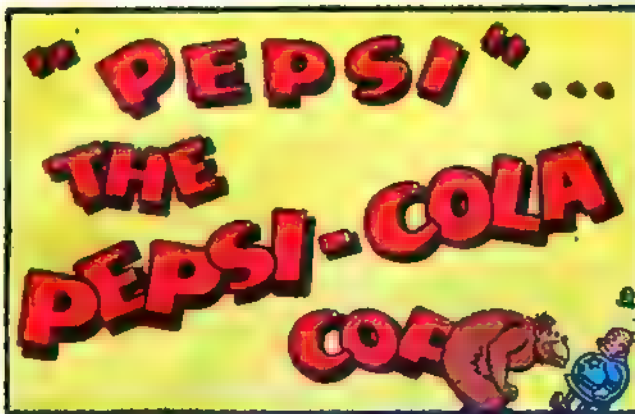


THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! HOW'S ABOUT SOME OYSTERS?

SHELL OUT! BUT I HOPE THEY'RE EASIER TO TAKE IN THAN THEY ARE TO TAKE UP!

the END





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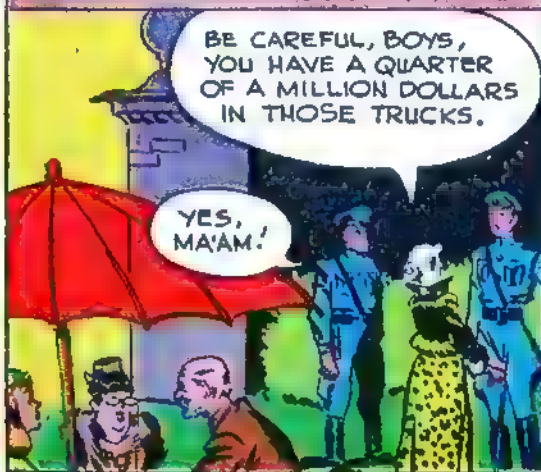
AT THE METROPOLE CHARITY BAZAAR, THE ARMORED TRUCK GUARDS PREPARE TO LEAVE.

BE CAREFUL, BOYS, YOU HAVE A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN THOSE TRUCKS.

YES, MA'AM!

HEY, THE TRUCKS! THEY'RE GOING BACKWARDS!!

AND- AND NOBODY'S DRIVING THEM!!





DRIVERLESS, THE ARMORED TRUCKS  
ZOOM THROUGH THE CITY STREETS...

GULP!  
I BETTER SEE  
MY EYE DOCTOR  
— FAST!

SWISH

A GARAGE OPENS ITS DOORS NOISELESSLY,  
AND THE TRUCKS ENTER YAWNING DARKNESS...



YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN?  
A RATHER CONVINCING  
DEMONSTRATION OF THE  
POWERS OF RADIO,  
IS IT NOT?

GOT  
TO  
HAND  
IT TO YA,  
BOSS.

HIGH FREQUENCY  
RADIO WAVES CAN MAKE  
A TWO-CYLINDER ENGINE  
RUN BACKWARDS. BUT I  
HAVE PERFECTED THAT TO  
INCLUDE ALL MOTORS—  
TOGETHER WITH A  
DIRECTION  
MAGNETIZER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR, DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
LARRY JORDAN LISTENS TO A MAD TALE...

THEY WENT OFF  
BY THEMSELVES—  
NOBODY IN  
'EM!

OTHER PEOPLE  
SAW IT,  
TOO.

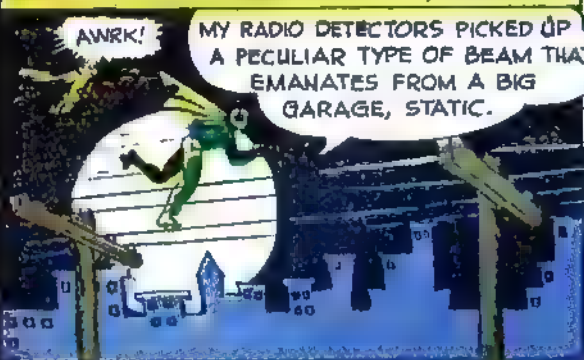
I FOR ONE SAW THE  
ENTIRE  
PROCEEDING.  
THIS IS  
DREADFUL!

HMM... IT COULD BE DONE  
BY CERTAIN RADIO WAVES  
... PERHAPS A I/R WAVE  
HAD BETTER GET  
BUSY ON THE CASE!

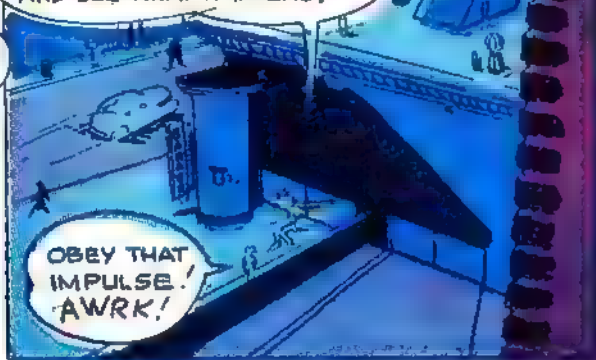




SO, SOME TIME LATER, LARRY JORDAN IN HIS OTHER IDENTITY, RACES THROUGH THE NIGHT, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PROVERB-MANGLING MASCOT, STATIC...



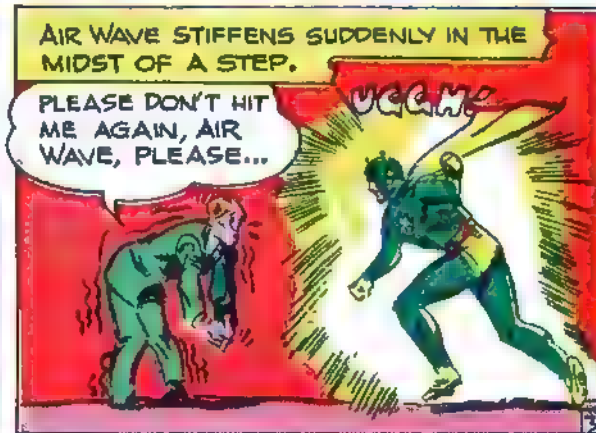
SUPPOSE WE SEND A FEW ELECTRICAL IMPULSES AT THE CONTROLS OF THESE DOORS, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



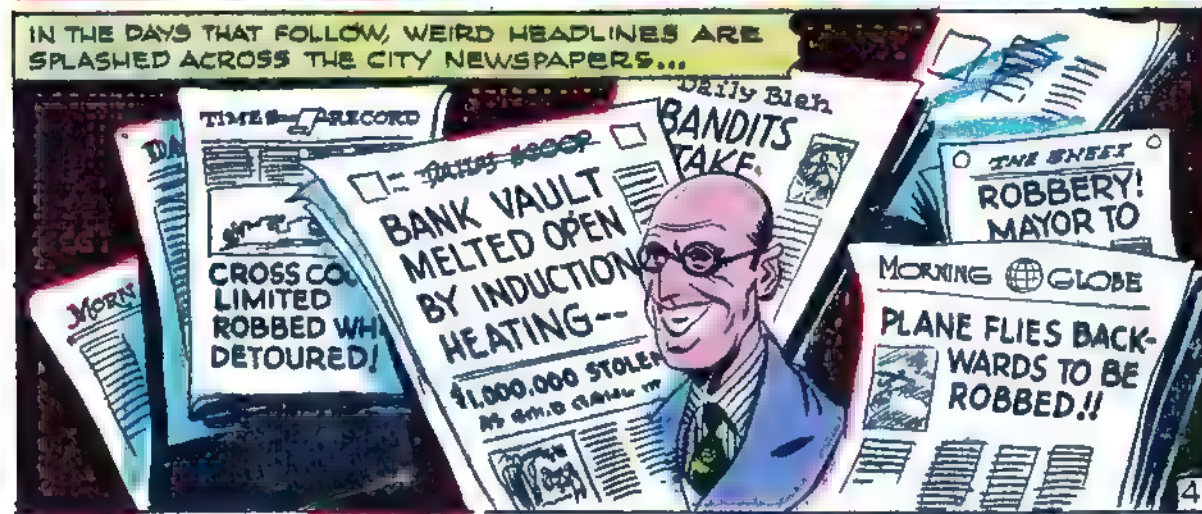
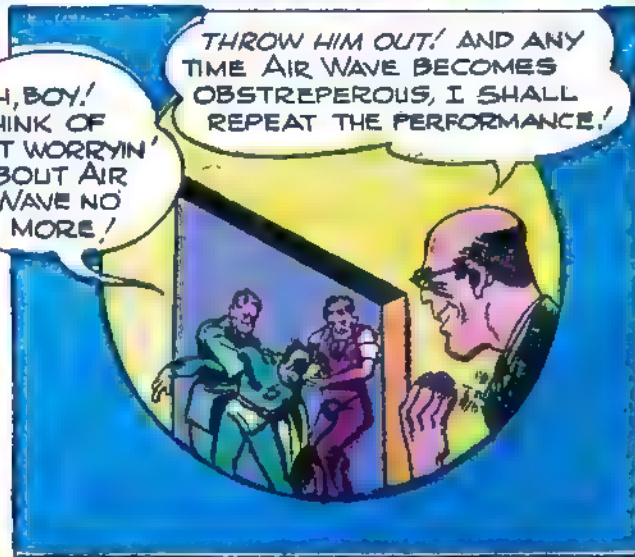
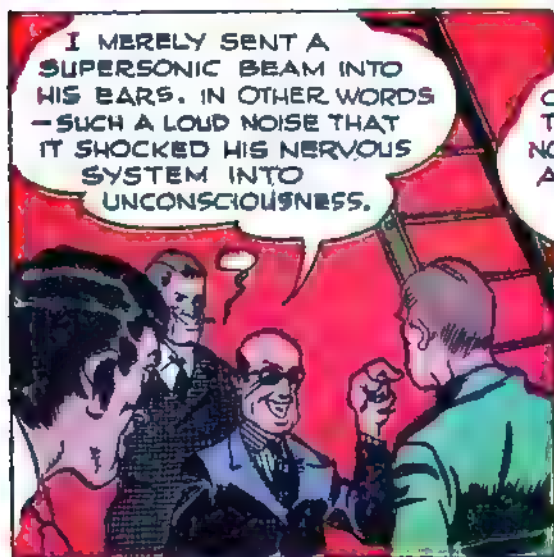
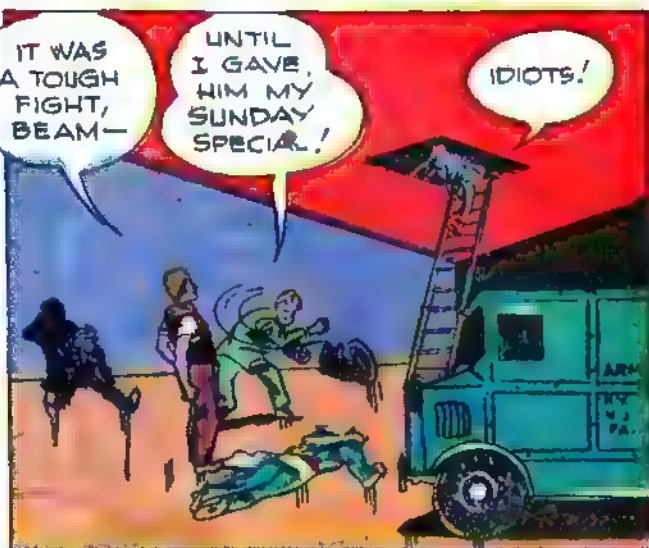
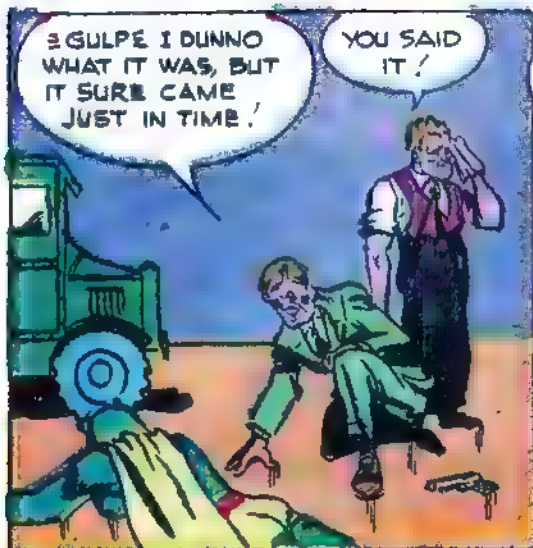
THE DOORS FOLD INWARD, AND AIR WAVE GOES FORWARD!



SO-O! AIR WAVE INTERESTS HIMSELF IN MY AFFAIRS, DOES HE? WELL, I SHALL HAVE TO TREAT HIM TO A LITTLE BROADCAST...









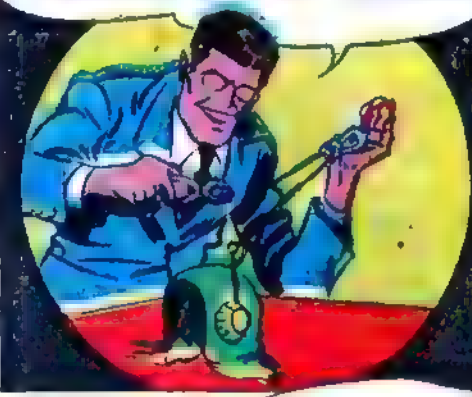


A WORRIED DISTRICT ATTORNEY PACES NERVOUSLY IN HIS OFFICE...

I'VE TUNED IN THREE TIMES ON HIM AS AIR WAVE, AND EACH TIME THAT SOUND BEAM KNOCKS ME SILLY! I'M ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS, UNLESS —



BY RIGGING UP AN ALTERNATE HOOKUP, WIRED ALONG RADAR PRINCIPLES, I CAN USE THE POWER HE SENDS OUT TO LIGHT THIS BULB AS A WARNING!



THE LIGHT FROM HIS SPECIALLY POWERED BULBS WILL BE MY WARNING. SINCE LIGHT TRAVELS FAR FASTER THAN SOUND—I'LL BE WARNED IN AMPLE TIME TO SWITCH OFF MY RECEIVING SET.



THAT NIGHT AIR WAVE ONCE AGAIN TRAVERSES THE CITY STREETS...

I'VE PICKED UP HIS BEAM'S TRANSMITTERS NOT FAR FROM HERE. FROM MY MAP I FIGURE IT'S AT THE UNION RAILROAD LINES...



AAAAH... LOOKS AS THOUGH MY WARNING SYSTEM IS WORKING ON THE BEAM... BETTER SWITCH MY POWER OFF!



WHEN THE BULB CEASES TO FLASH, AIR WAVE AGAIN SWITCHES ON HIS EARPHONES AND IS SOON AT THE UNION RAIL LINES...



THEY'RE HERE ALREADY WELL. THIS TIME I HAVE A FEW TRICKS OF MY OWN TO PLAY!

SOMEBODY IS GOING TO BE IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN THIS INDUCTION HEATING\* GETS WORKING!



\* ED. NOTE: INDUCTION HEATING IS HEATING FROM WITHIN, USING SHORT WAVE RADIO BEAMS THAT PASS THROUGH THE OBJECT CAUSING IT TO COOK FROM WITHIN!



I'VE GIVEN THOSE RATS  
A MULTIPLE HOT FOOT!  
IF I KEEP MY RECEIVER  
TURNED OFF, I WON'T  
NEED THIS BULB  
ANY LONGER!

WHILE YOUR BOYS ARE  
DANCING TO MY TUNE,  
IT'S ABOUT TIME I  
SANG A SOLO.

I'LL  
FIX YOU,  
AIR WAVE!

ROCKABYE BABY IN THE  
TREE ~~AT~~ TOP, AS LONG AS  
I'M NOT TUNED IN, YOUR  
RADIO WAVES CAN'T  
AFFECT ME.

**SPAT**

KEEP MOVING,  
BOYS. ANYBODY FOOLISH  
ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF  
LINE, GETS ANOTHER  
HOT-FOOT!

SOME MONTHS LATER...

HEY, BEAM—AIN'T YOU GOING  
TO ATTEND THE RADIO  
CONCERT THE WARDEN  
IS GIVING?

GET OUT  
OF HERE!  
I NEVER  
WANT TO HEAR  
OR SEE A RADIO  
AGAIN AS LONG  
AS I LIVE!

*The End*





ALTHOUGH CASE IS SYNONYMOUS WITH BURGLARY ON THE BASES, GEORGE WOULD TRADE ALL HIS BASE STEALING CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR A BATTING CHAMPIONSHIP. HE DOES HOLD ONE MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD WITH NINE HITS IN A DOUBLE HEADER



CHIEF SPEEDSTER OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS, HE ESTABLISHED AN AMERICAN LEAGUE RECORD BY WINNING THE BASE STEALING CHAMPIONSHIP FIVE CONSECUTIVE YEARS



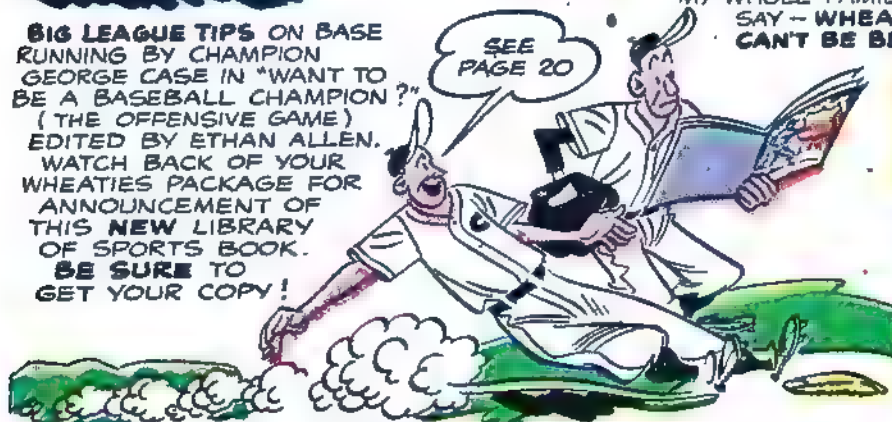
CLOCKED BY AAU OFFICIALS, CASE RAN THE BASE PATHS IN 13.5. TRAVELING THE 100 YARD DASH AT THIS SAME PACE, HE COULD STAY WITH MOST SPRINTERS - MIGHT EVEN STEAL A TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP

WHEATIES JUST CAN'T BE BEAT

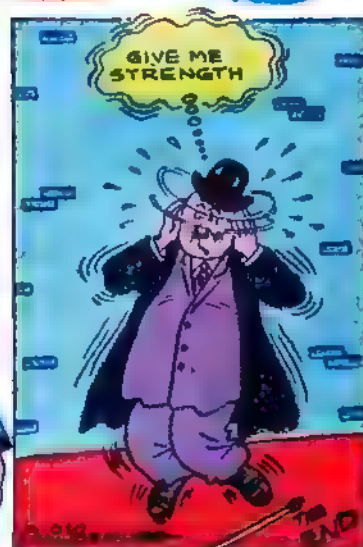
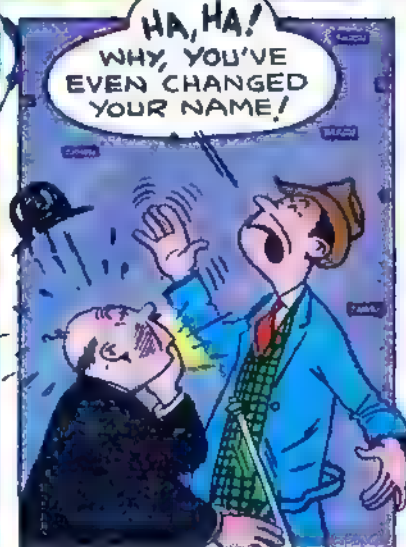
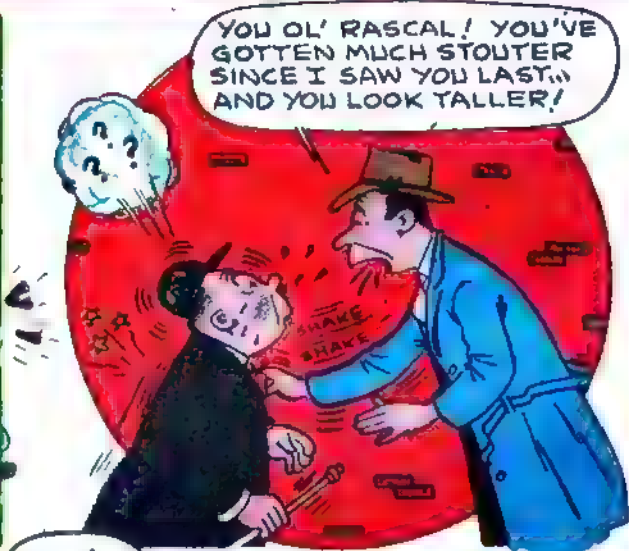
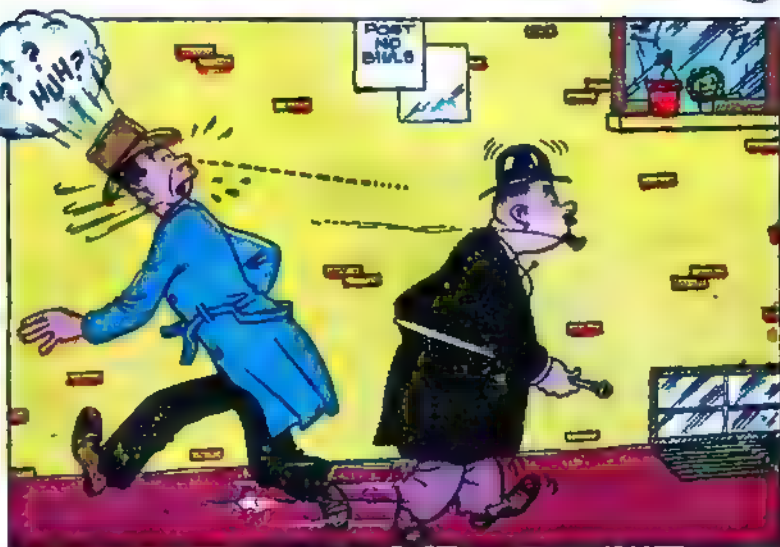


"WHEATIES HAVE BEEN MY DISH 40R5 TIMES A WEEK FOR ABOUT 12 YEARS," SAYS CHAMPION GEORGE CASE. "THOSE GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES GIVE ME VALUABLE NOURISHMENT. AND THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR GIVES ME PLENTY OF PLEASURE. MY WHOLE FAMILY CHIMES IN WHEN I SAY - WHEATIES JUST CAN'T BE BEAT"

**BIG LEAGUE TIPS ON BASE RUNNING BY CHAMPION GEORGE CASE IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" (THE OFFENSIVE GAME) EDITED BY ETHAN ALLEN. WATCH BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOK. BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY!**

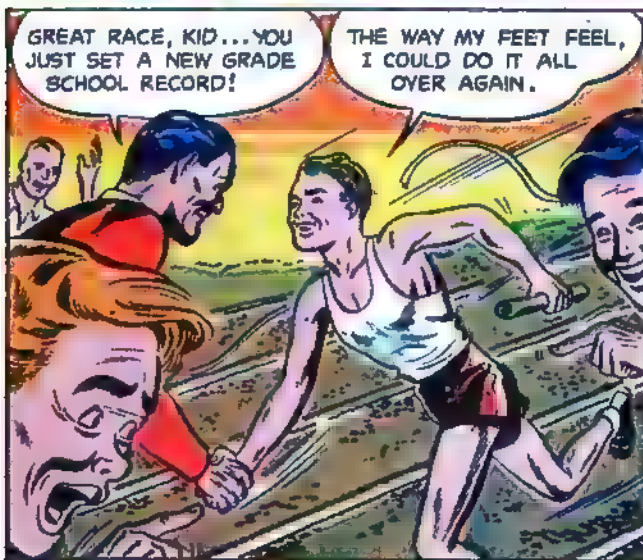
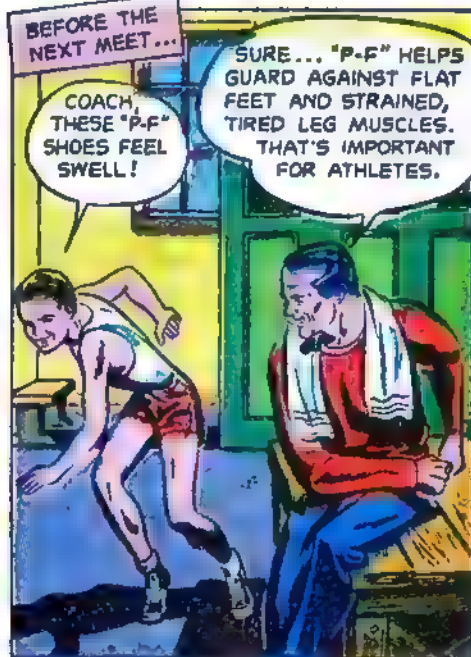
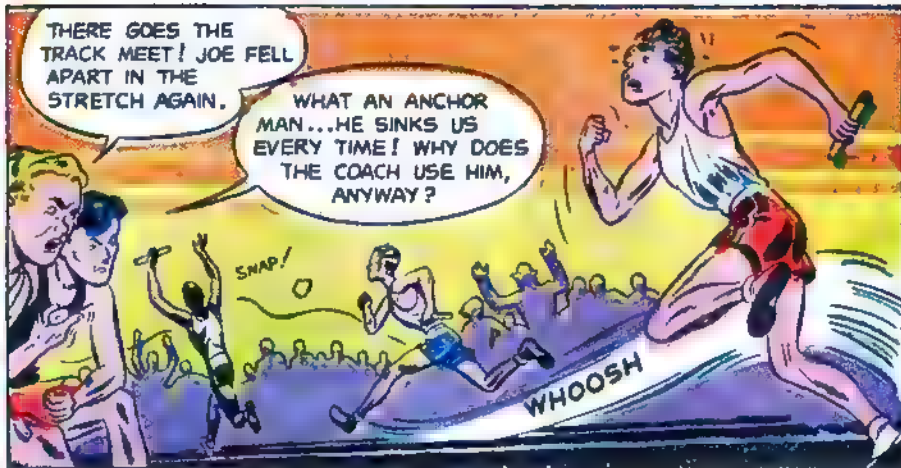






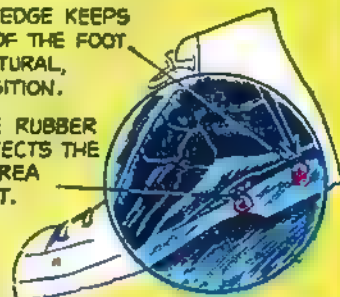


# JOE FELL APART IN THE STRETCH UNTIL...



## HOW "P-F" PROTECTS FEET...

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



**"P-F"**

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION-- A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY B. F. Goodrich or HOOD RUBBER CO.



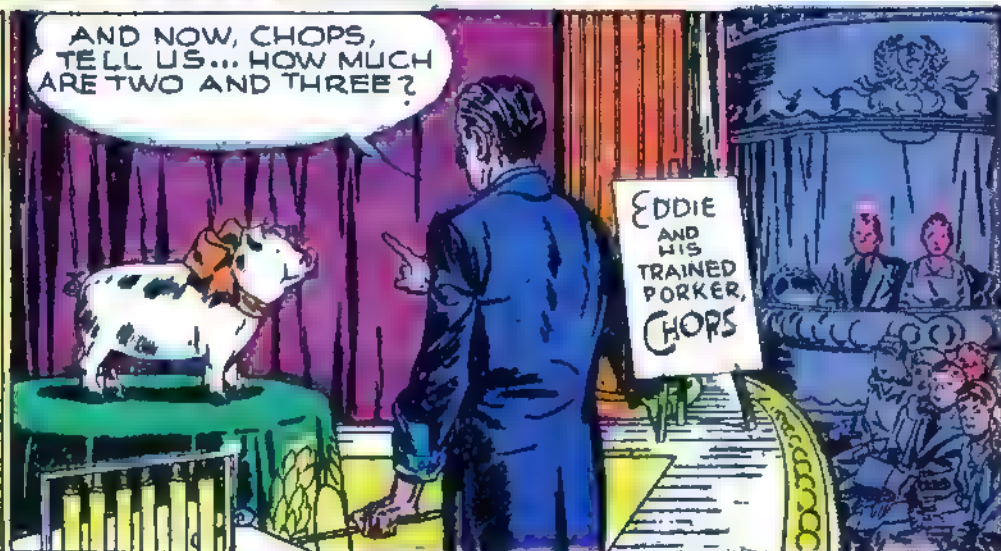
SHOULD A PIG GO TO COLLEGE? HONEST, THIS IS NO BALOGNA... SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN KNOW A PORKER THAT BELONGS THERE. BUT WHEN A COUPLE OF HAMMY CHARACTERS TRY TO HOG THIS BOREDOM-CRUSHING BOARD FOR THEMSELVES, THE DETECTIVE DUO SWALLOWS PLENTY OF PUNISHMENT WHILE BRINGING HOME THE BACON IN THE FORM OF...

**"The EDUCATED PIG!"**

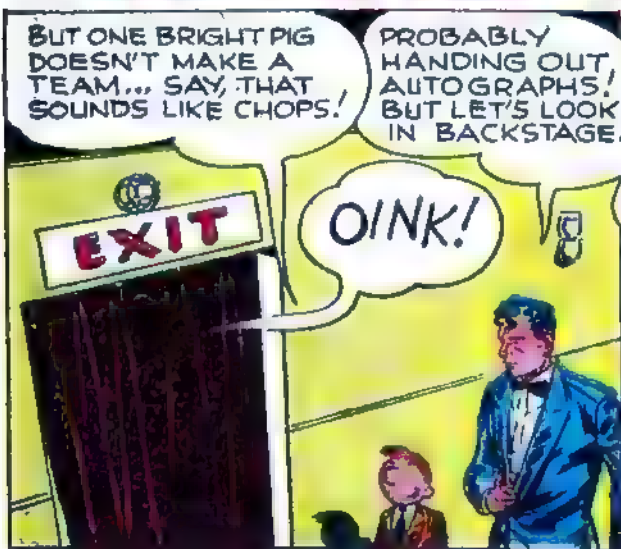
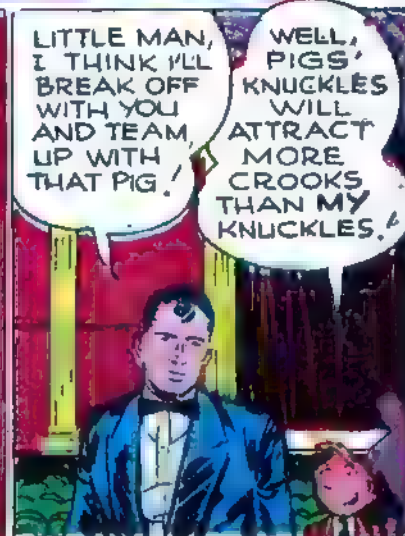
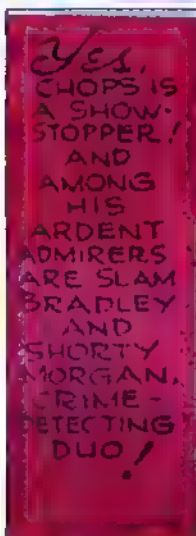
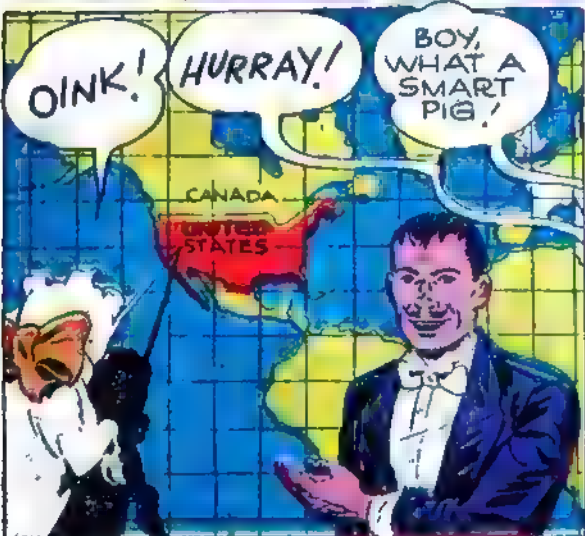
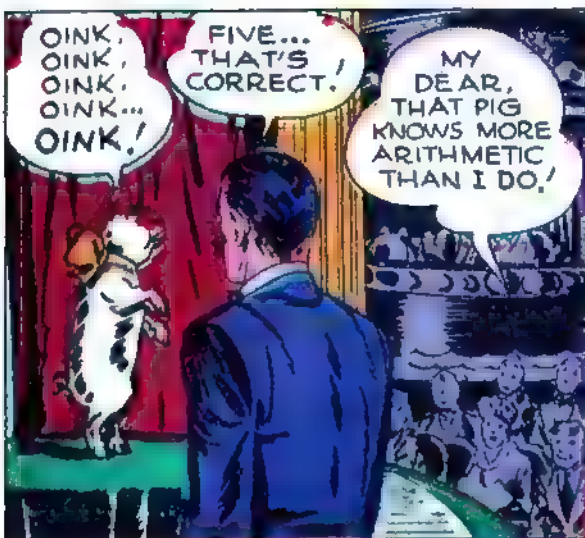


DO YOU THINK SCHOOL'S A WASTE OF TIME... LOOK WHERE AN EDUCATION GOT THIS PIG!

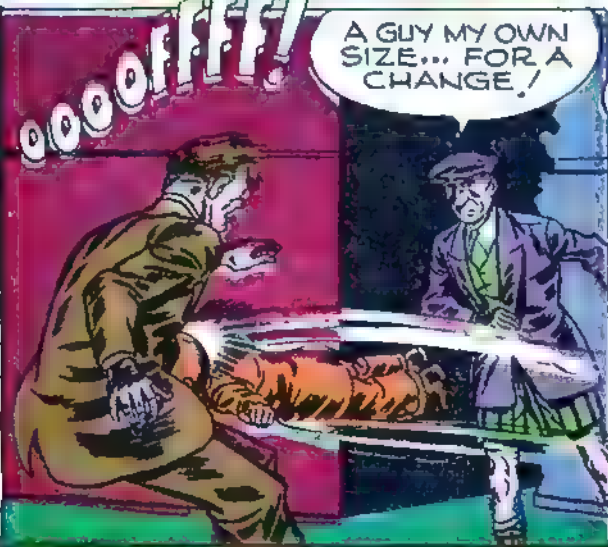
AND NOW, CHOPS, TELL US... HOW MUCH ARE TWO AND THREE?













**BUT THE LONG AND SHORT KIDNAPERS ESCAPE FROM THE LONG AND SHORT SLEUTHS...**

O-O-O-W! MY STOMACH!

AND MY JAW! BUT WE GOT A PAIR OF SECOND-HAND PANTS OUT OF IT... YOUR SIZE, TOO!

NEVER MIND THE JOKES...

**STOP THEM! I'LL PAY A HANDSOME REWARD TO GET CHOPS BACK UNHARMED!**

COME ON, MIDGET... CHOPS IS GOING TO PAY FOR OUR HAM AND EGGS!

**SO THE LONG AND SHORT PAIR RESUMES THE CHASE...**

WHOOPS!.. THEY STRETCHED A WIRE TO TRIP US! GOOD THING WE WEREN'T RUNNING!

O-O-O-W! MY SHIN!

**AND, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...**

ONE DOWN AND TWO TO GO—OUT!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

OH, OH... I'VE GOT TO ACT BEFORE THEY SHOOT! THAT SWITCH-BOARD...

**A QUICK FLIP OF SLAM'S WRIST, AND...**

YIII...! ARGH..!

GOSH, SLAM NEARLY STOPPED THEM... BUT THE SHOCK OF ELECTRICITY KNOCKED HIM OUT TOO!

**BUT SLAM'S IDEA BACKFIRES! AND THE CROOKS LAM...**

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SLAM?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! FOLLOW THOSE CROOKS!

WAIT IN THE ALLEY, STRETCH, TILL I FIND SOME PANTS!



AND WHILE SPARROW STOPS FOR PANTS...

WAIT! THOSE THUGS KNOW US NOW! WE NEED A DISGUISE... DUCK IN THIS DRESSING ROOM! WE CAN CHANGE WHILE SPARROW LOOKS FOR PANTS...



THEATRICAL WAREHOUSE

SIDE ENTRANCE

SPARROW MADE PANTS OUT OF THE SACK THE PIG WORE!

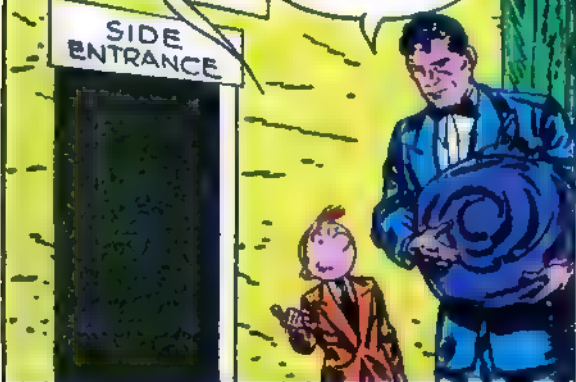
LOOK! THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT WAREHOUSE!



WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

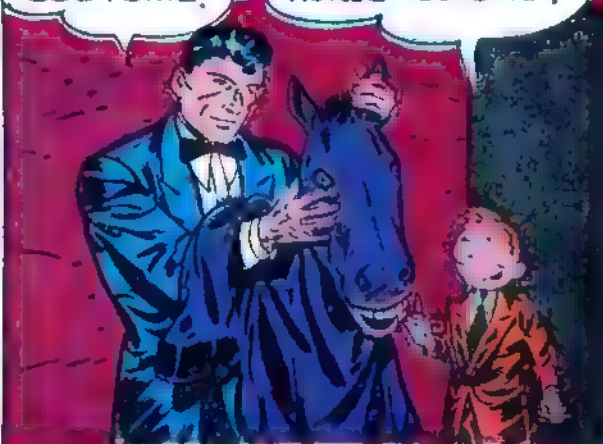
WAIT, MY HASTY RUNT... IT MAY BE ANOTHER TRAP! THIS TIME LET'S BE FOXY!

SIDE ENTRANCE



HERE, GET INTO THIS HORSE COSTUME!

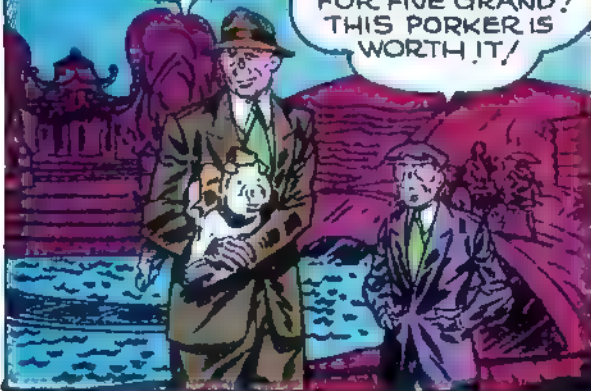
HOW CAN WE OUTFOX THEM IN A HORSE COSTUME?



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE...

I THINK WE SHOOK THEM, SPARROW!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN SHAKE DOWN THAT GUY, EDDIE, FOR FIVE GRAND! THIS PORKER IS WORTH IT!



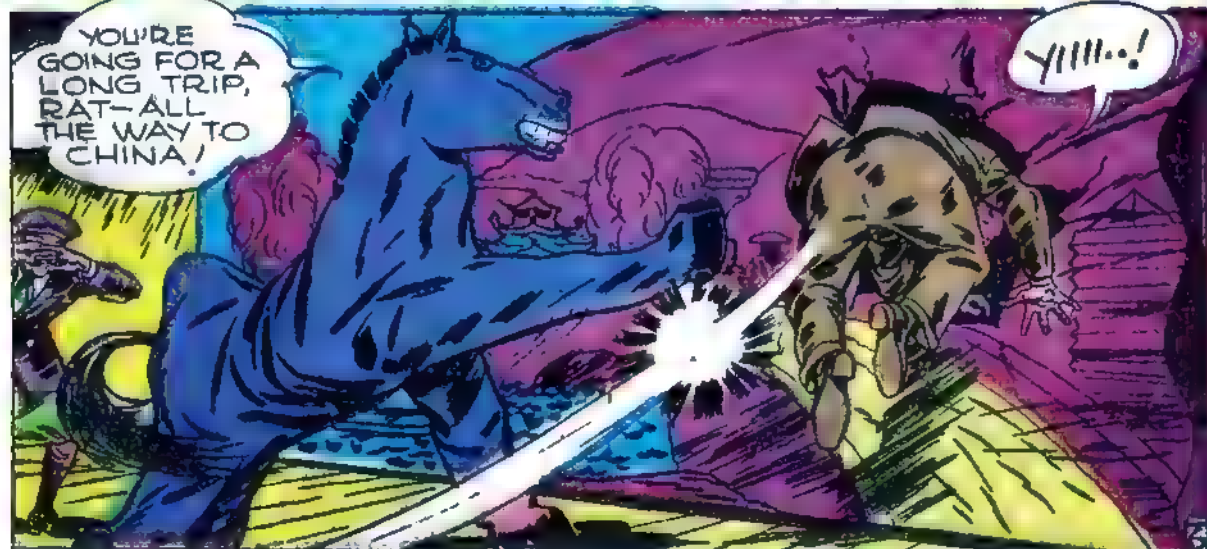
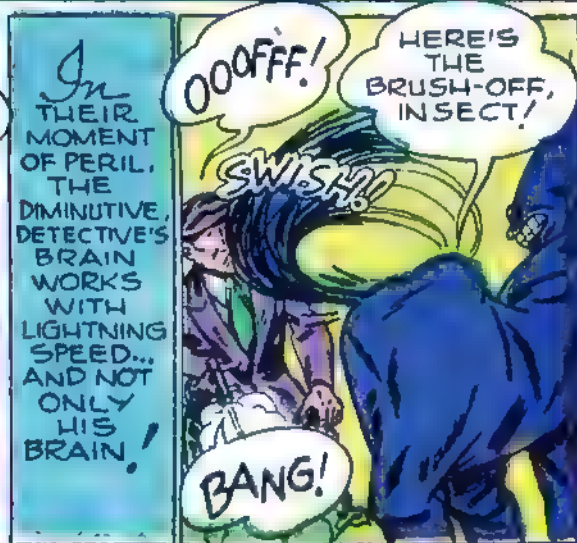
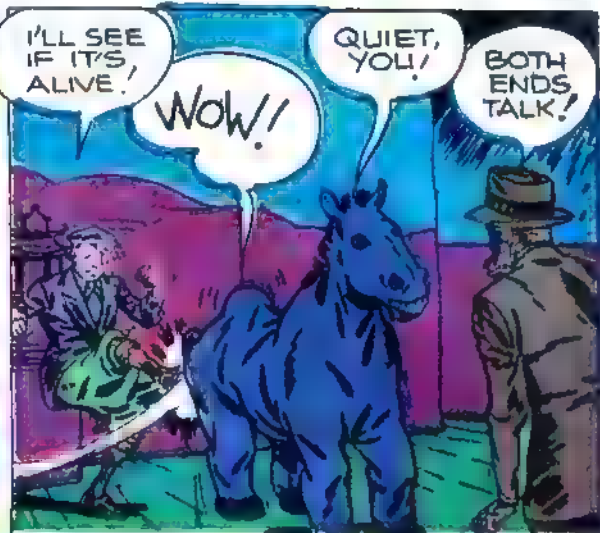
HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

A HORSE! HOW DID IT GET IN HERE?

NNNNNEIGH!









WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUNK! AFTER THEM SHORTY!

YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROGUE AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROGUE, SLAM!

EVERYBODY IS HAVING FUN-EVEN CHOPS!

CHOPS IS ENJOYING THIS!

OINK!

AAAA...

CLUNK!

CHOPS LIKES OUR ACT! NOW FOR THE REWARD!

CLAP! CLAP!

A REWARD IS PAID...AND LATER, IN COURT...

I'LL LEAVE IT TO THE PIG! HOW MANY YEARS SHALL I GIVE THEM, CHOPS?

OINK, OINK, OINK, OINK...

AS SLAM PROMPTS CHOPS WITH AN ELBOW...

OINK, OINK, OINK, OINK, OINK, OINK...

YIII... TEN YEARS!

MY ELBOW IN CHOPS' RIBS DIDN'T HELP THEM! BUT THEY DESERVE IT FOR TRYING TO KILL US!





*Hey Lookie!*

Be The First In Your  
Gang To Wear All These

**COMIC BUTTONS!**



They're right out of the funnies! Get one as a  
**PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP!**

HERE'S something to make a PRIZE collection! Shiny pin-on comic buttons, featuring your favorites from the funnies. Superman, Little King, Lord Plushbottom—fifteen others! They're printed in full color! Enamelled 'on metal! Swell for pinning on beanies, jackets, or sweaters!

**COLLECT 'EM! SWAP 'EM!**

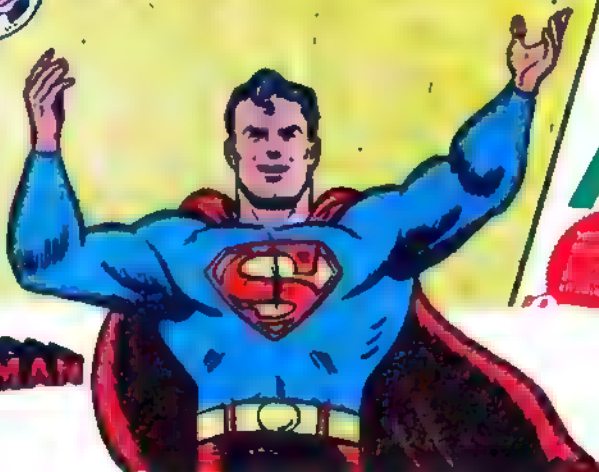
You don't have to send in a thing to get these swell buttons! One comes as a PRIZE in every package of Kellogg's PEP! Just open the package—and there's your button. Tell Mom how good PEP is for you—whole-wheat nutrition, plus your minimum daily need of sunshine vitamin D in every serving! Ask her to treat the whole family to Kellogg's PEP, "The Sunshine Cereal." And see how fast you will add to your collection of comic buttons!



**THE SUNSHINE CEREAL!**

**15 DIFFERENT BUTTONS  
COLLECT 'EM ALL!**

Superman  
Dagwood  
Blondie  
Alec  
Maggie  
Babe  
Fritz  
Popeye  
Olive Oyl  
Little King  
Don Winslow  
Uncle Willie  
Emory  
Lord Plushbottom  
Pop Jenks  
Alp Winslow  
Junior Tracy  
Andy Gump



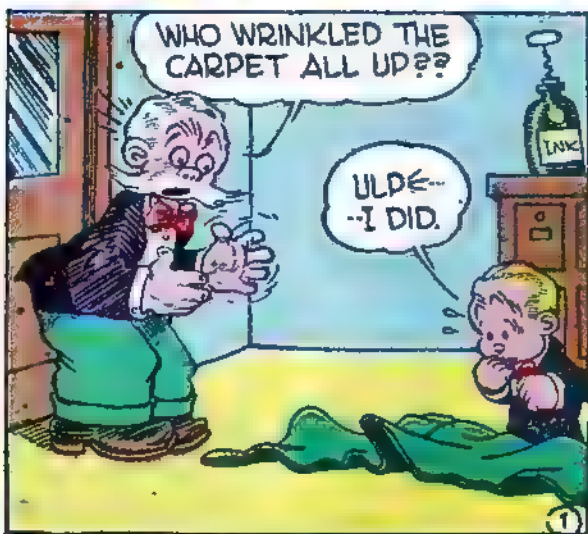
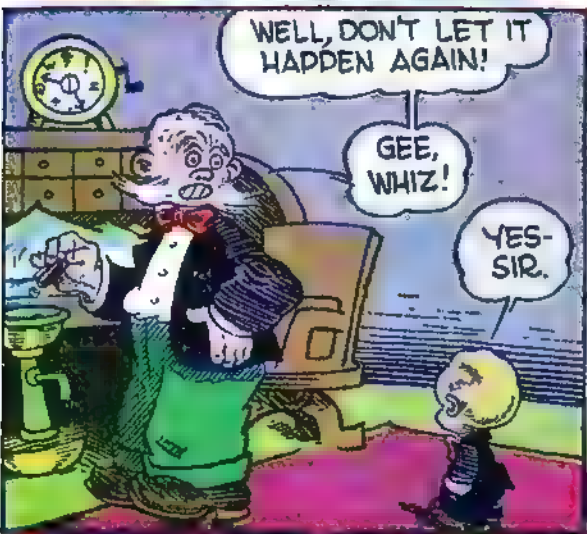
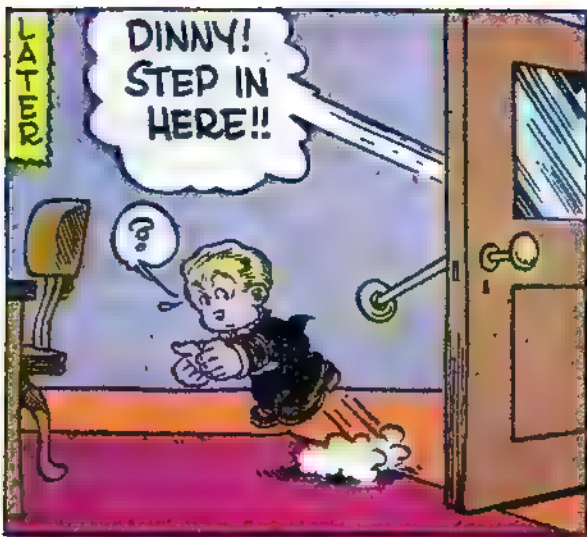
LISTEN TO

**SUPERMAN**

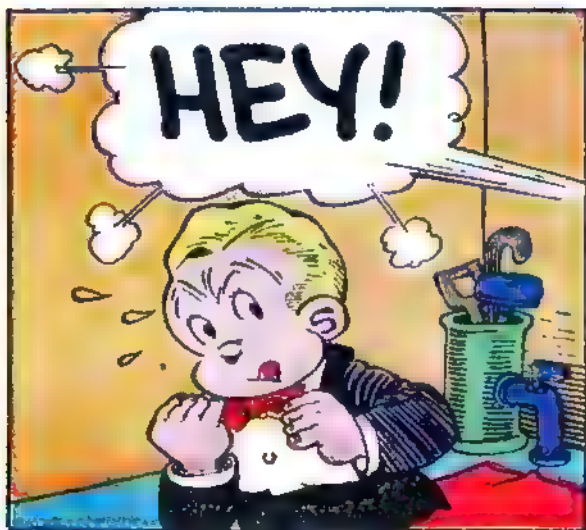
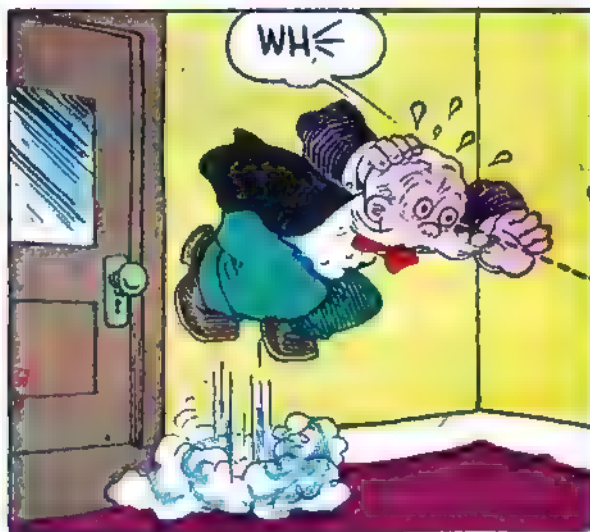
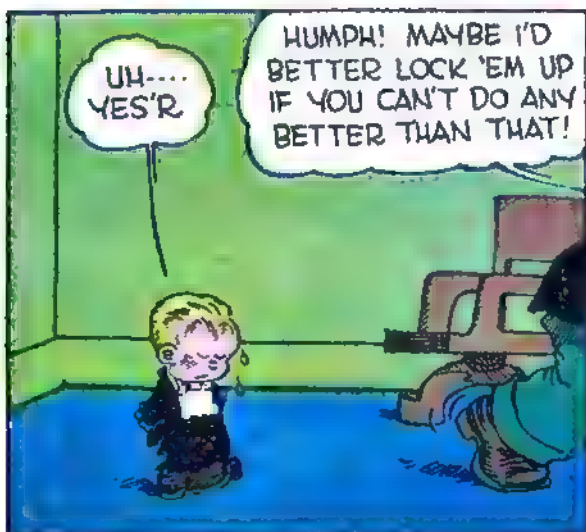
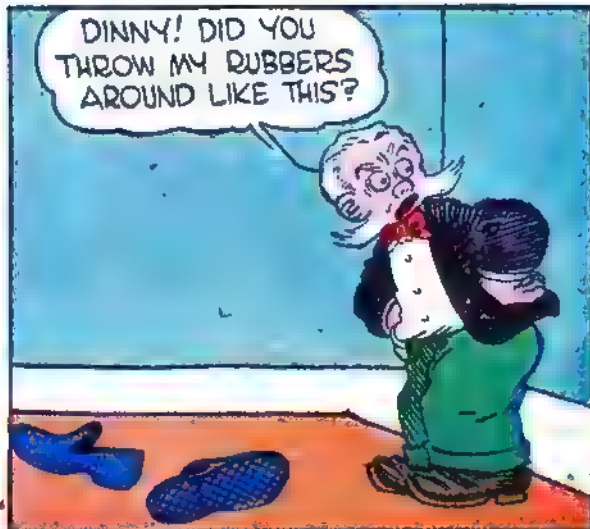
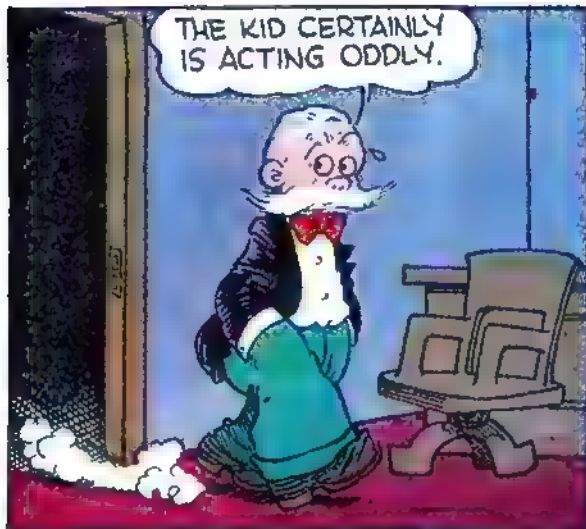
Listen to his exciting adventures every day, Monday through Friday. See your local paper for time and station.

Copyright, 1946, by Kellogg Co.

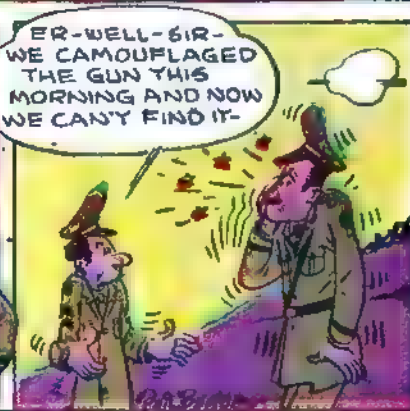
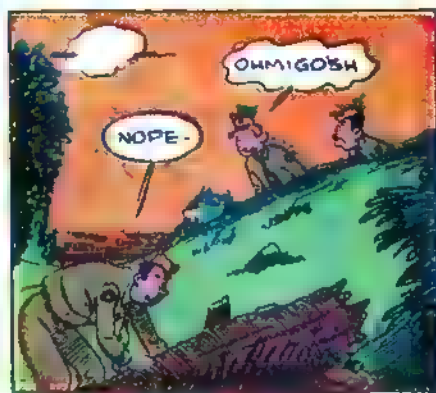












Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

# FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

WHenever he dives, it's a belly-whopper!

His belly's a whopper even when he doesn't dive!

Dubble Bubble is wrapped in a sheet of funnies!

Yes, and a big, big piece costs only a penny!

I know Fleer's Candy Coated Gum is good too. So stop hounding me!

That's Joey blowing bubbles under water!

It's more fun to blow bubbles with Dubble Bubble!

Wish I had a million-zillion dollars!

I'd rather have a basket-full of dandy, delicious, Dubble Bubble gum!

NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!



# NUMBER UP

by V. V. Dredaine

**A**BOUT two or three hours after the police were called in on the City-National Bank robbery, downtown headquarters assigned Max Kane to the case. At that time, Kane, who later became a famous private operative, was a detective, first grade, on the force. He had several specialties, but bank robbery wasn't among them, and because of this, old Mr. Will Roberts, City-National's president, frowned upon Kane.

"Don't see what good you can do here," old Roberts told him. "Now, these other detectives, well, anybody can see they mean business. They ask questions and—"

Max Kane shook his head. It was an old story to him. Earlier, a dozen detectives had swarmed all over the bank, taking pictures of exploded vault doors, collecting fingerprints, analyzing bits of scrap metal, examining barred windows. Coming after them, Kane understood what a let-down his job was, at least in dramatic value. And the worst of it was coming now, because he had unpleasant news for Mr. Roberts.

"Mr. Roberts," said Kane, "the other detectives came to get a line on whoever it was that blew open your vaults. I'm here because we now know."

"What's that? Speak up, man—who? If he's been caught—"

"No," said Kane, shaking his head. "He's still at large. We know him, though. His name is Stokes—we call him Harry the Stoker because of his technique in packing nitro charges. The safe and loft bureau told me that. It's as good an identification as his fingerprints."

"This is very interesting, I'm sure," old Mr. Roberts said testily. "Is this educational talk your part of the job?"

"Partly," Kane said patiently. He took some photographs from his portfolio and passed them to Roberts. "These are some old prison pictures of Stokes. Can you identify him?"

"Look here, Mr. Kane!" Roberts exploded. "It's hardly likely that a bank president would know a crook."

"I hate to keep interrupting," Max Kane said mildly. "The point is, we know Stokes' habits. He picks out a bank and scouts it for weeks—closes it, we say. Sometimes he actually does business with the bank. Maybe you or some of your staff will know him."

"Great Scott, what difference does that make? You know him. Why not hunt him? By now he's probably a hundred miles from here!"

"No, Mr. Roberts," said Kane, getting up. "Chances are, he hasn't left the city at all. He seldom does. It's much easier to hide in a city as large as this than try a getaway, once the alarm's out. You see, we find our knowledge of his old habits invaluable, and that's why we're trying to find out whether he's picked up any new ones since we last saw him. The first thing is to find people who might know him from these pictures."

Roberts snorted loudly. "You and your pictures! They've got numbers on them, haven't they? If that's not enough for a detective, the police force has my deepest sympathy! What do you expect to find? People who might identify his number too?"

Kane nodded good-humoredly as he took the pictures. "You're not far wrong, at that, Mr. Roberts," he said. "I'll see your staff now, and I'll be keeping in touch with you. Good afternoon."

"Good day!" Roberts called after him decisively.

Max Kane spent the rest of the afternoon talking to the bank's employees, and that evening he began a systematic scouring of the immediate neighborhood surrounding the bank. Days of dull, plodding, painstaking work followed, during which Kane spoke to hundreds of people, jotting little notes in his book and then wandering off to another part of the city and repeating the tedious process. A month went by before old Roberts telephoned Kane at headquarters, and asked the detective to come and see him. Kane went immediately.



"Didn't you promise to keep me informed, Mr. Kane?"

"Yes, Mr. Roberts," said Kane, "but I haven't anything much."

"Haven't you been working on it? Headquarters told me—"

"Headquarters is satisfied with my progress," said Max Kane. "I've discovered that Stokes lived in an apartment not far from here for six weeks before the robbery. I also know that he kept a dog. Also, one of your tellers knew him by sight. He remembered seeing Stokes come into the bank one day, carrying a portable typewriter. I—"

"Hang it all, what about Stokes himself? What difference does his dog make? And the typewriter? Do you expect him to send you a typewritten invitation to come for him?"

Kane got up to leave. He paused at the door, to say: "Why not?" He was grinning as he left.

And Max Kane was grinning when he returned some six weeks later to tell old Roberts that Harry the Stoker had been safely stowed away in jail the night before. "Escorted him there myself," he said.

Roberts was as embarrassed as he was jubilant. "Why, that's wonderful, just wonderful, Mr. Kane," he kept repeating. "I see I've been very unjust to you. I completely underestimated your—ah—powers of—ah—deduction. Congratulations!" he blurted. "And my apologies for my—ah—skepticism."

"Not at all," Kane smiled. "You just didn't know my habits."

"Ah, yes, I remember your—ah—talk. Do you mean to say you caught him because of—How did you get him, Mr Kane?"

Kane nodded wisely. "Habit," he said.

"Come now—"

"I mean that," said Kane. "You remember I told you Stokes had a dog? That wasn't just nonsense. In this city the Health Department makes sure all dogs are licensed. Stokes had a dog at least six weeks, and men get used to dogs, and if he had a dog that long, it was a safe bet he had it licensed and kept the dog when he disappeared from that apartment he'd rented near here."

Roberts regarded Kane quizzically. "I don't understand."

"Even a dog license has a number," said Kane. "Stokes used a false name and that address he's not at anymore—but the number on his dog's license couldn't change. Once I knew that, I visited every veterinarian and pet shop in the city, asking them to take special notice of all dog license numbers they happened to—"

"Wonderful!" cried Roberts. "And that's how you got him?"

"No," Max Kane smiled. "Not exactly, but the method was the same. You remember the typewriter I said he'd carried one day when one of your tellers saw him? I made the rounds of all the typewriter repair shops in the city and showed them Stokes' pictures. One shop, as it turned out, had repaired Stokes' typewriter that day he was seen in the bank carrying it. The man had made the usual record of the machine's number—they have numbers too, you know—and when I got that, I passed it along to all the other repair shops and asked them to be on the lookout for it."

"What a stroke of luck!" old Roberts breathed.

"Luck?" said Kane. "Who said anything about luck? Of course, that typewriter might not have needed repairs again for years. Maybe it was luck that a kid brought the machine to another mechanic two days ago—it took us two days to find the kid and get him to tell us who had sent him on the errand."

"Yes, you might have waited years, as you say!"

Kane got up to leave. "For the typewriter, maybe yes," he grinned. "But I also had that dog license. I also found a watchmaker who had set a new crystal in his watch—and watches have numbers in them. I found his laundry—and got the markings and numbers on his shirts and socks and underwear. I found his tailor—and tailors all mark symbols and numbers inside the lining of clothes."

"In short," said Kane, going to the door, "just as you said—I found people who could identify his numbers. Sooner or later, not by luck but by hard work, I knew one of those numbers would come up—and when that happened, Stokes' own number was up. Good day, Mr. Roberts," he concluded and went out, not waiting for an answer.

It was just as well. Old Mr. Roberts remained speechless for the next ten minutes—for the first time in his life.



The

# BOY COMMANDOS

IN  
**"WHEN COMRADES MEET!"**

REMEMBER JAN, WHO FOUGHT GALLANTLY WITH THE FAMED BOY COMMANDOS, THEN RETIRED TO HIS UNCLE'S FARM IN HOLLAND? HE'S BACK AGAIN WITH HIS PALS FOR A DAY— BUT IT'S THE KIND OF REUNION THAT WILL MAKE YOU RUB YOUR EYES. FOR WHILE HIS FORMER COMRADES SERVE WITH THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE, JAN PLAYS HOST TO MURDEROUS INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS— AND NOT TILL SUDDEN DEATH THREATENS ALL OF THEM IS JAN'S AMAZING REASON REVEALED!



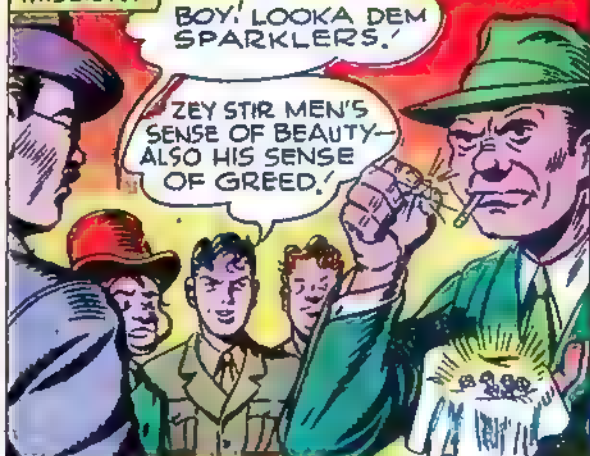




AMSTERDAM, THE WORLD'S LARGEST DIAMOND MART, WHERE RARE AND VALUABLE GEMS ARE TRADED OPENLY IN THE STREETS...



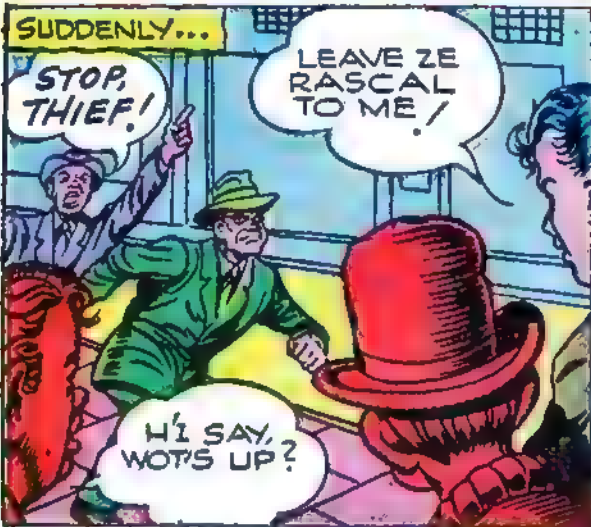
AND WHERE, AT PRESENT, RIP CARTER'S YOUNG DAREDEVILS ARE RELAXING AFTER A SECRET MISSION!



BOY! LOOKA DEM SPARKLERS!

ZEY STIR MEN'S SENSE OF BEAUTY— ALSO HIS SENSE OF GREED!

SUDDENLY...



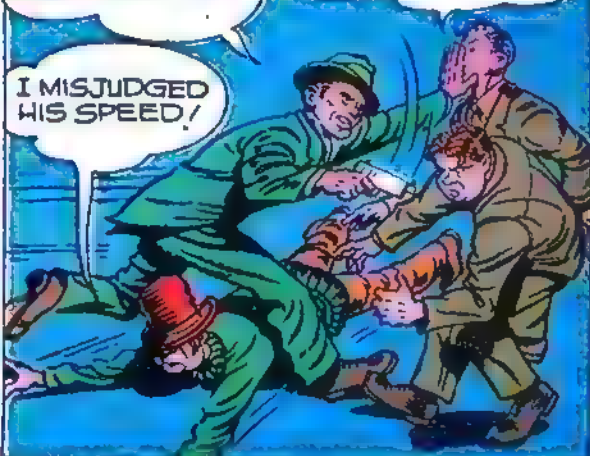
STOP, THIEF!

LEAVE ZE RASCAL TO ME!

H'I SAY, WOT'S UP?

OUT OF MY WAY, BRATS!

I HAVE GOT— OOF!

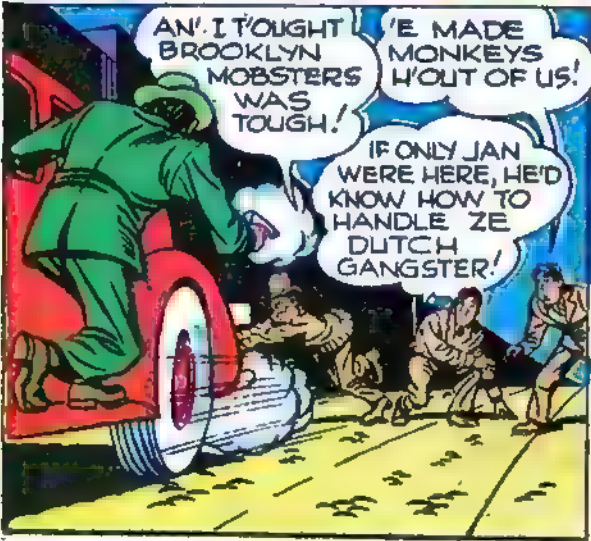


I MISJUDGED HIS SPEED!

AN' I T'UGHT BROOKLYN MOBSTERS WAS TOUGH!

'E MADE MONKEYS H'OUT OF US!

IF ONLY JAN WERE HERE, HE'D KNOW HOW TO HANDLE ZE DUTCH GANGSTER!



GOOD OL' JAN! SAY, WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

NEARBY, M'SIEU BROOKLYN! ZIS MORNING ZE LETTER CAME FROM JAN, ASKING US TO VISIT HIM AT ZE FARM OF HIS UNCLE!



WOT H'ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?



AT RIP CARTER'S HOTEL ROOM...

MON CAPITAINE,  
COULD WE HAVE  
ZE DAY OFF?

H'IT'S  
H'IMPORTANT,  
SIR!

YA SEE, RIP,  
IT'S DIS WAY—

WAIT A  
MINUTE!

WHEN I TOOK YOU BOYS INTO THE  
INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE, IT  
WAS AGREED THAT YOU'D BE UNDER  
ORDERS AT ALL TIMES! IT SO  
HAPPENS, I HAVE A JOB  
FOR YOU TODAY.

YOU ARE TO CROSS THE ZUYDER  
ZEE, AND VISIT OUR OLD FIGHT-  
ING PAL, JAN JANSSEN! I'D GO  
ALONG, BUT OFFICIAL BUSINESS  
KEEPS ME HERE!

WELL, SLAP  
ME DOWN! DAT'S WHAT  
WE WANTED TA DO!

AND HE  
KNEW IT ALL  
ZE TIME!

AND SO, AN HOUR LATER...

SAILIN' SAILIN'  
OVER THE  
ZUYDER  
ZEE!

ZE PRETTIEST SPOT  
IN ALL ZE WORLD,  
EXCEPTING  
GAY PAREE

NIX! WE'RE HERE TA  
KEEP DA PEACE—NOT  
WRECK IT!

ZIS IS ZE ROAD,  
AND ZE FIRST FARM  
WE COME TO IS  
JAN'S UNCLE'S.

YA MEAN,  
WE GOTTA  
WALK?

THAT'S  
THE  
PLYCE!

SOME JOINT!  
JAN'S UNCLE  
MUST BE IN  
THE CHIPS!

I HOPE HE'S  
AT HOME!



AND JAN, WHO FACED DEATH MANY TIMES WITH THE BOY COMMANDOS, IS AT HOME...

...YOUR UNCLE IS AWAY AND YOU ARE IN CHARGE, SO WE WILL WORK WITH YOU!

GOOD! WE SHIP TULIP BULBS ALL OVER THE WORLD!

AND ONE OF JAN'S VISITORS WE HAVE MET BEFORE.

GOOD IDEA, SMUGGLING STOLEN GEMS OUT OF THE COUNTRY IN TULIP BULBS! EH, SVELTE?

IF YOU SAY SO, CONDOR! MY JOB IS STEALING, TURNING THE LOOT INTO CASH IS YOUR JOB!

DON'T FORGET—I GET TEN PER CENT.

THE NEXT MOMENT...

THOSE INTERNATIONAL POLICE BOYS! THEY FOLLOWED ME HERE!

WHAT!

WHO?

AH! MY OLD FRIENDS! IT IS A MIRACLE!

SO!

WAIT, SVELTE! LET'S NOT BE HASTY! PERHAPS JAN HAS NOT BETRAYED US, AFTER ALL!

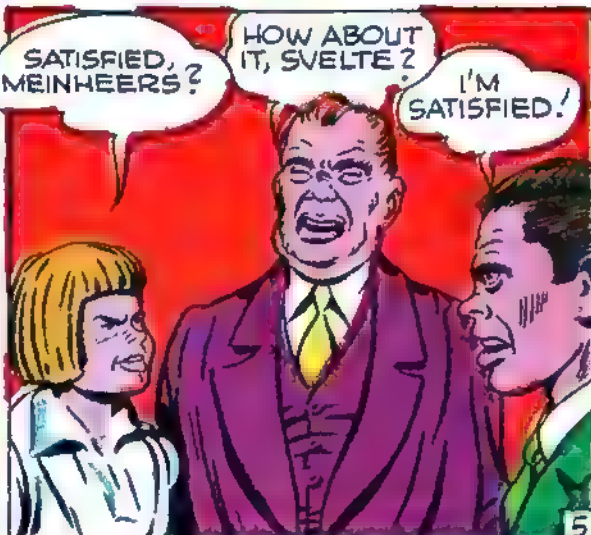
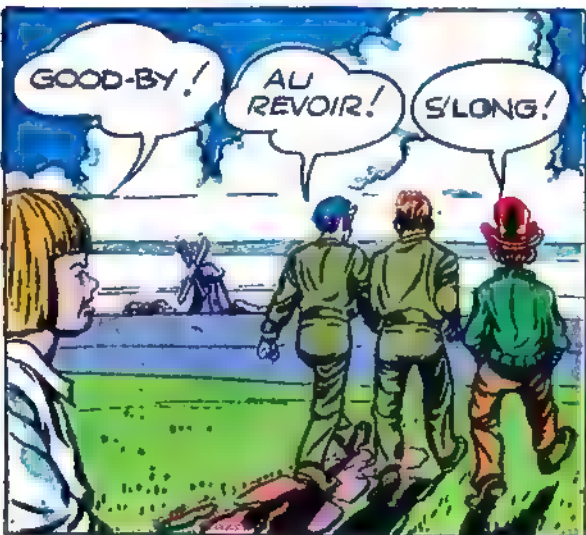
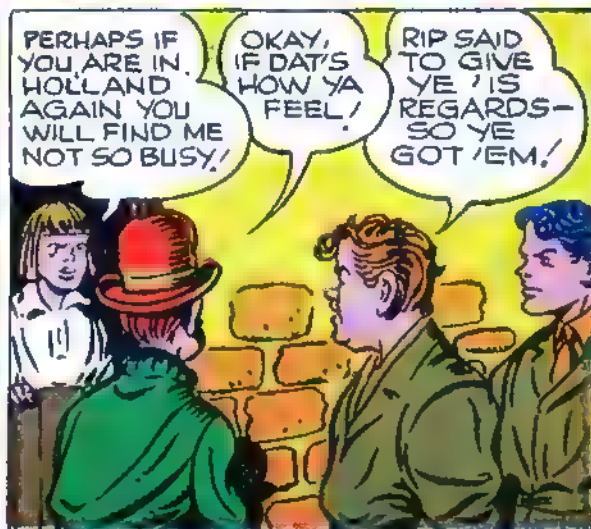
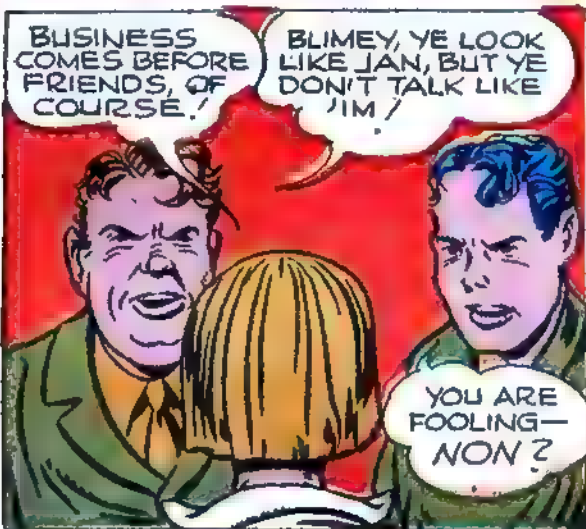
THEY WERE MY COMRADES IN THE WAR! THEY ARE MERELY PAYING ME A FRIENDLY VISIT!

THEY ARE THE THREE YOUNG FOOLS WHO TRIED TO STOP ME IN AMSTERDAM!

DON'T WORRY! I WILL GET RID OF THEM! AFTER ALL, THEY ARE ONLY KIDS—WHILE I AM NOW A MAN!

A BULLET WILL STOP YOU IF YOU TRY TRICKERY!





AS THREE YOUNG WARRIORS RETREAT...

H'A BLOOMIN' SNOB!

I'D NEVER 'A T'HOUGHT IT O'JAN!

I AM SORRY ZAT WE SAW HIM!

OH, WELL, MAYBE HE HAD HIS REASONS!

OUI, 'PERHAPS ZERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG!

YE MEAN, 'E SENT H'IS AWAY BECAUSE HE WAS FORCED TO H'IT?

I THINK HE HOPED WE'D TRY TO FIND OUT WHY HE BEHAVED SO UNNATURALLY!

ANDRE, I T'INK YA GOT SOMETHIN' THERE!

H'IF HE'S IN TROUBLE, THAT'S DIFFERENT!

I AM FOR KEEPING ZE VIGIL UNTIL WE FIND OUT ZE TRUTH!

I'M WIT' YA! WE CAN SNEAK BACK TO DA FARM!

H'I 'OPES YE'RE RIGHT!

SO, JAN'S OLD COMRADES GO UNDERCOVER...

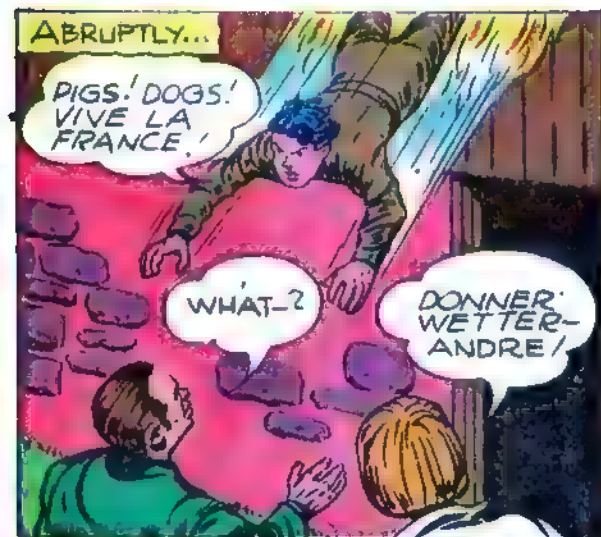
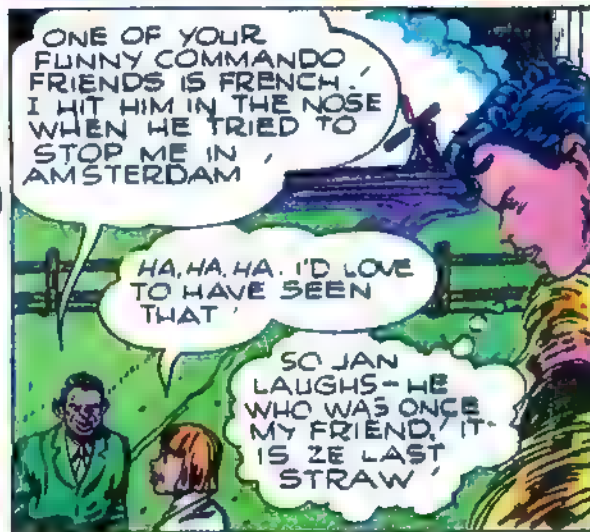
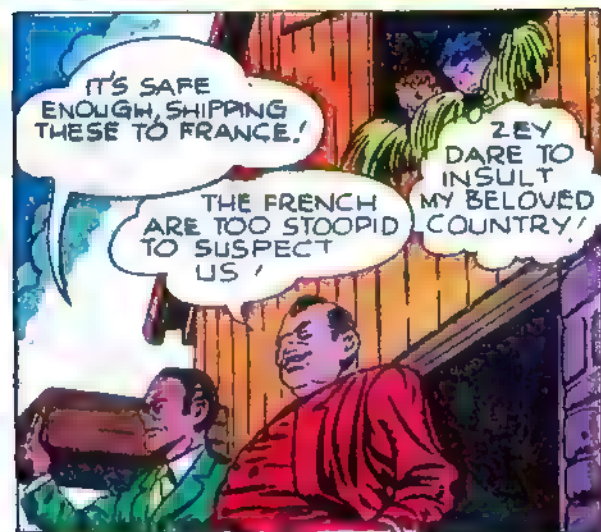
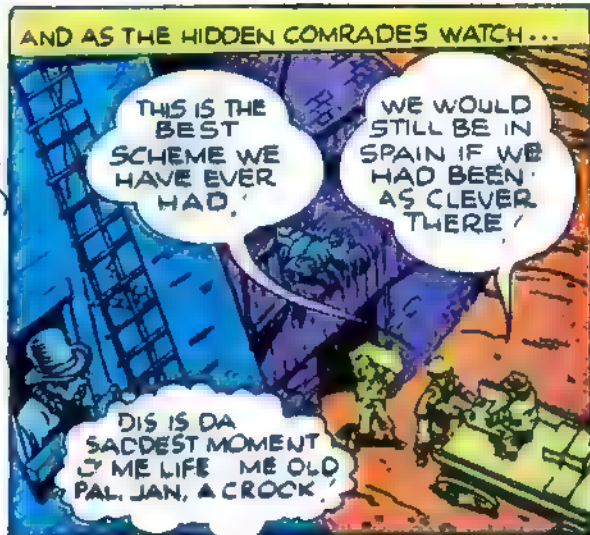
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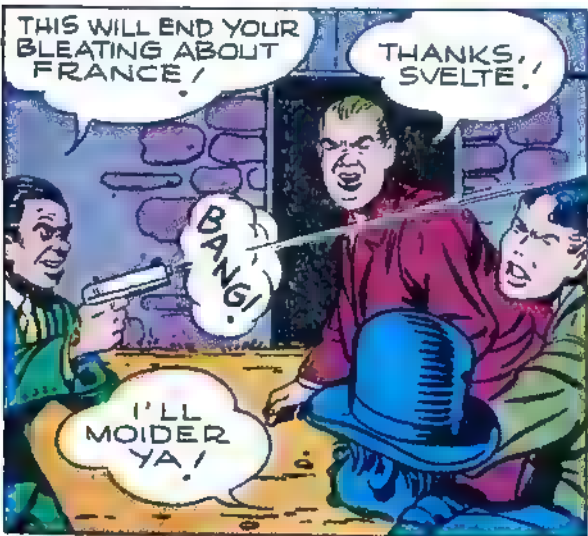
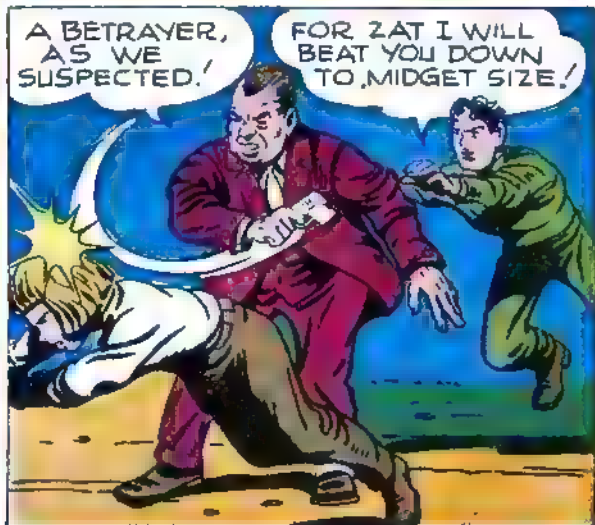
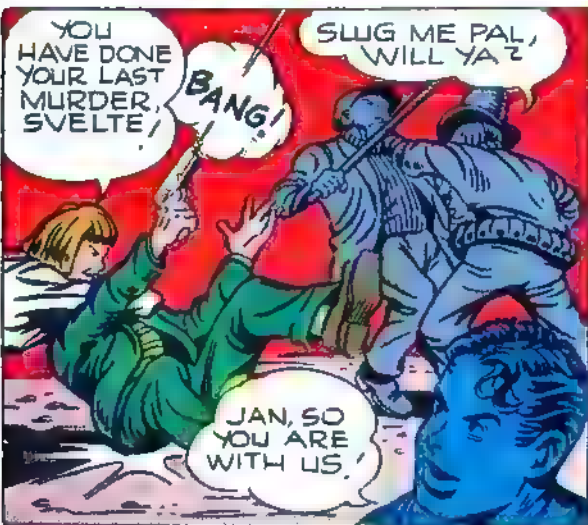
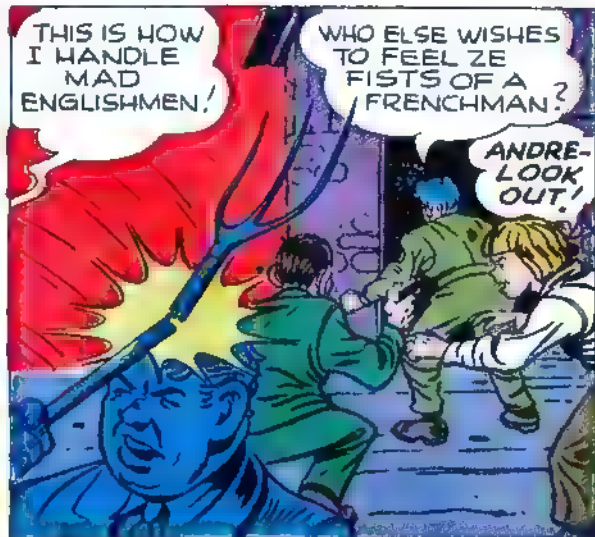
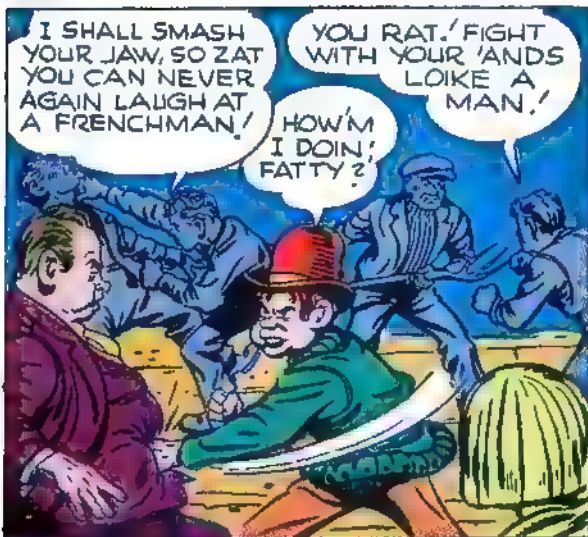
HERE ARE DECKER AND GRAFF!

ARE THE BOXES OF BULBS READY?

THEY ARE READY!









WHY NOT  
FINISH THEM  
OFF NOW?

NOT HERE, WHERE THE  
BODIES WOULD BE FOUND!  
WE'LL TAKE THEM ABOARD  
THE BOAT AND SINK THEM  
IN THE ZUYDER ZEE!

SO, BOUND AND GAGGED, THE YOUNG  
ADVENTURERS ARE PUT IN THE TULIP  
WAGON...

COVER THEM  
WITH STRAW  
SO THEY  
WILL NOT  
BE SEEN!

IT'S DARK ENOUGH  
SO THAT NO ONE  
WILL SEE US  
PUT THEM  
ABOARD!

BON VOYAGE,  
FRENCHIE!

IT'S THE LAST  
VOYAGE FOR  
ALL OF YOU!

GUN SHOTS WOULD  
BE HEARD! SO  
WE'LL KNIFE  
THEM!

MEANWHILE RIP CARTER FINISHES HIS  
OFFICIAL BUSINESS...

WE'RE DEEPLY  
INDEBTED TO  
YOU, CAPTAIN!

I'LL PASS  
THE WORD  
ALONG TO  
MY ASSISTANTS!  
THEY DID MOST  
OF THE WORK!

THE KIDS ARE  
PROBABLY STILL AT  
JAN'S PLACE! I'LL  
RUN OVER AND  
SAY HELLO!

SO IT IS THAT RIP CROSSES THE ZUYDER  
ZEE ON THE NEXT CLUMSY  
BARGE TO SET OUT...

A WONDERFUL PLACE FOR  
THOSE YOUNG WILDCATS TO  
VACATION! HOLLAND IS AS  
PEACEFUL A SPOT AS  
ONE COULD FIND  
ANYWHERE.

AS THE THIEVES' BOAT CHUGS FORTH WITH ITS DOOMED CARGO...

OUCH! DAT NAIL HOITS!— BUT IT'S GIVEN ME A IDEA!

IF IT CAN RIP DA SKIN OFFA ME FACE, IT CAN RIP DA GAG OUTA ME MOUTH... AND IT DID!

THEN THE RESOURCEFUL BOY FROM BROOKLYN ATTACKS ANDRE'S ROPES...

DEM RATS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT DEY'RE IN FOR SOME TROUBLE!

MERCI BEAUCOUP, MON BRAVE! NOW I RETURN ZE FAVOR!

DO ME ANUDDER FAVOR AN' PIPE DOWN, BEFORE YA WISE UP DOSE MUGS!

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT...

AHOY THERE! HAVE YOU SEEN THREE YOUNG BOYS AROUND HERE?

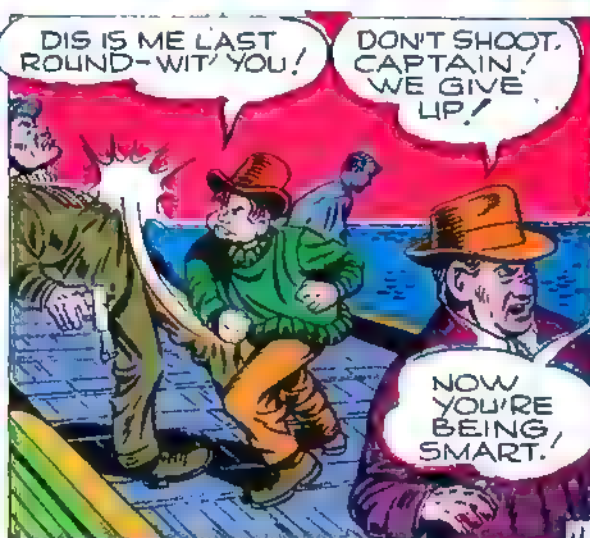
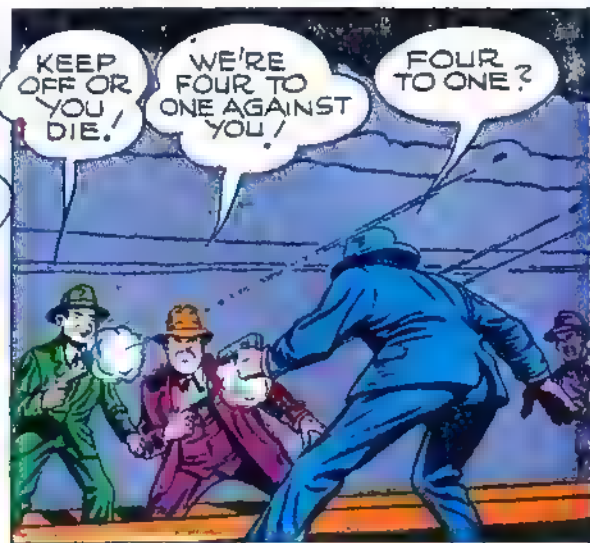
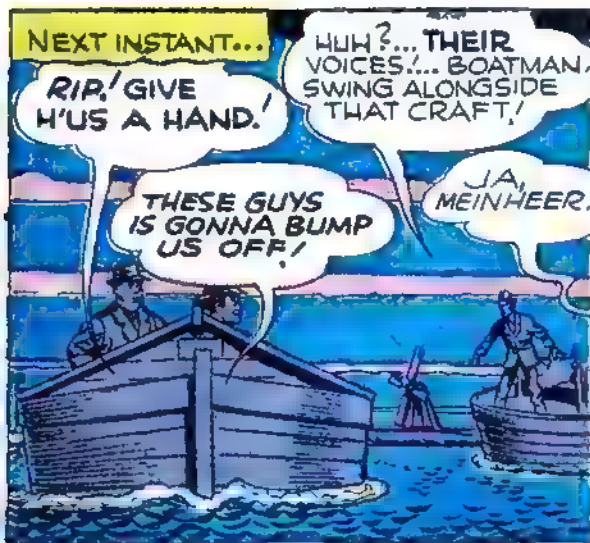
NO! WE'VE BEEN TOO BUSY LOADING TULIP BULBS TO SEE ANYONE!

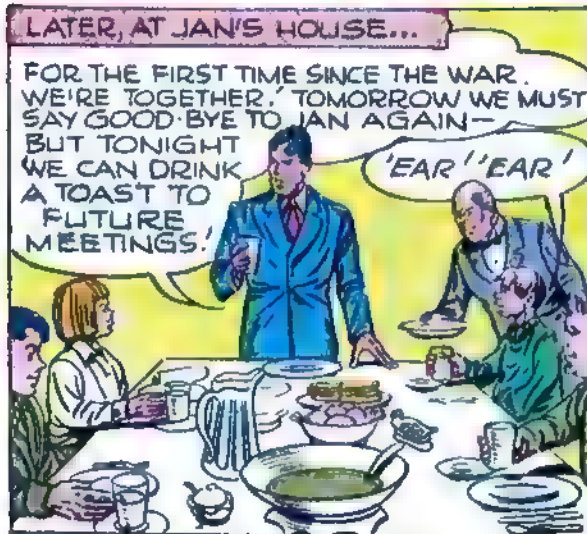
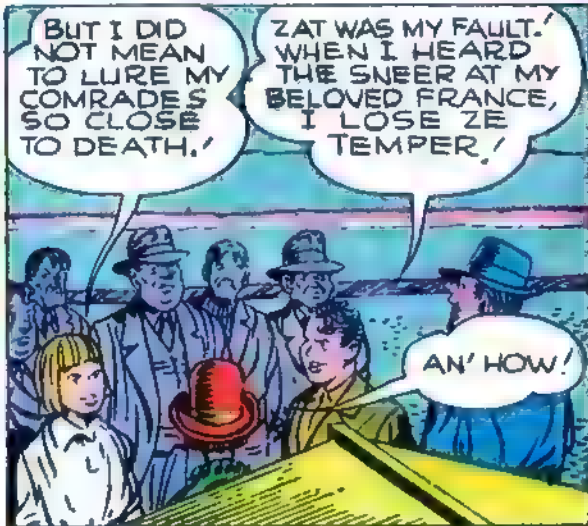
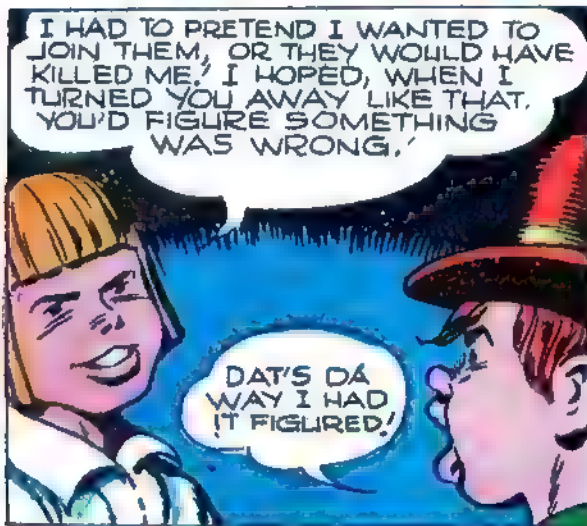
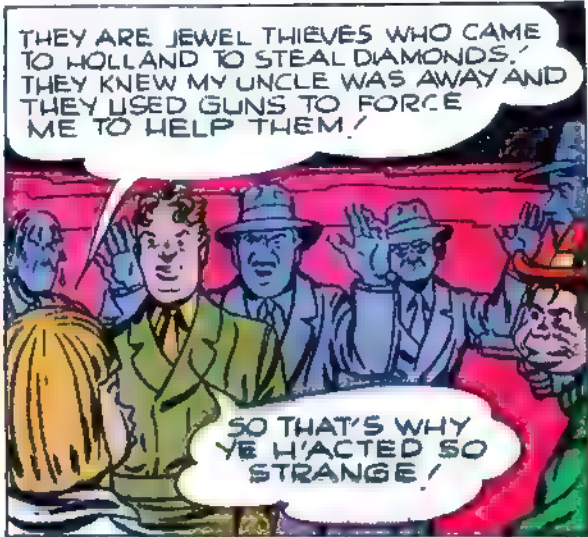
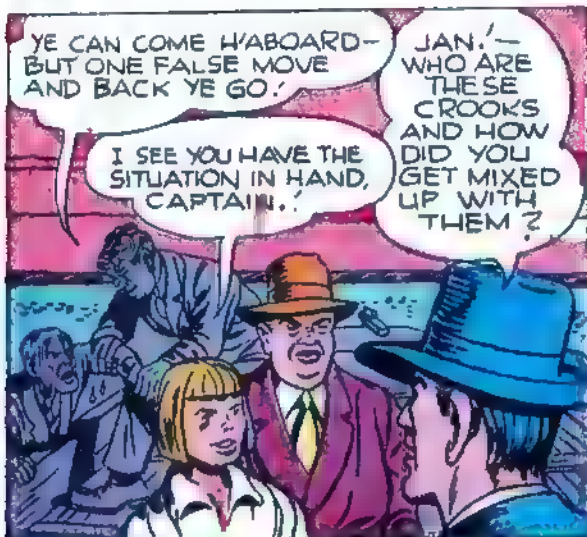
IS DAT RIP'S VOICE, OR AM I DREAMIN'?

IT IS NO DREAM! LET US HAIL HIM!

MY 'EAD! WOT 'APPENED?









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for  
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# HOW THOM McAN

WITH HIS MAGIC



FOUGHT  
THE

# FALLING BRIDGE

"BAZOOKA-SHOES"

A GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE SWAYS  
VIOLENTLY IN THE HIGH WIND. SUDDENLY...



THE CABLES SNAP ONE  
BY ONE--THE BRIDGE  
SAGS WILDLY!

RUN FOR YOUR  
LIVES! THE BRIDGE  
IS FALLING!



THOM McAN  
TO THE  
RESCUE!

WOW! IN ANOTHER  
THREE SECONDS  
EVERY CAR ON THE  
BRIDGE WILL BE DUMPED  
INTO THE RIVER! QUICK,  
"H" MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



BAZOO-DOKA! I'LL  
HOLD THE BRIDGE  
UNTIL EVERYBODY  
IS SAFELY OFF!

WHEN ALL ARE SAFE, THOM LETS GO AND  
ZOOMS BACK TO SHORE...

THERE  
SHE GOES!

BOY, WHAT  
A SIGHT!

LISTEN, IF YOU  
REALLY WANT TO SEE  
SOMETHING, YOU SHOULD  
SEE THE NEW KIDS'  
SHOES IN THE THOM  
McAN WINDOW!



THAT'S A SWELL IDEA!  
BUT FIRST LET'S CRAWL  
DOWN THE WRECKAGE TO  
THE WATER.

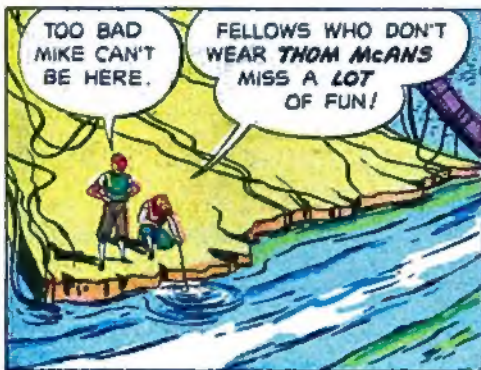
SHUCKS, IN THESE  
OLD SHOES I'M WEAR-  
ING, I'M AFRAID I'LL  
SLIP AND FALL!

NEXT TIME  
WEAR THOM  
McANS, MIKE!



TOO BAD  
MIKE CAN'T  
BE HERE.

FELLOWS WHO DON'T  
WEAR THOM McANS  
MISS A LOT  
OF FUN!



BACK ON MAIN  
STREET...

LOOK, MIKE, THERE'S  
THE STYLE OF THOM  
McAN SHOES YOU  
WANT. ALL THE FELLOWS  
ARE WEARING IT NOW.

Thom McAn

BOY, THAT'S FOR  
ME! I'M GOING  
TO HAVE DAD GET  
THEM FOR ME  
TOMORROW!

WHY DOES 'H' NEVER  
SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S  
LIKE THE 'M' IN THOM  
McAN--ALWAYS SILENT!  
('THE 'H' IS SILENT BUT THE  
VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!')

# Thom McAn

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